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LADY CLAUDINE;

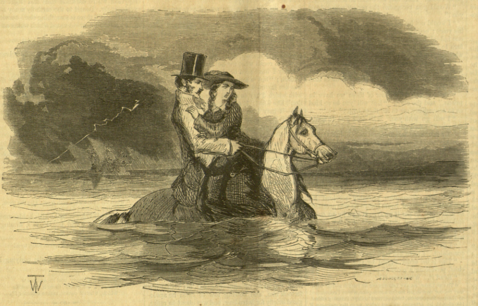
OR,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON.

CHAPTER VIII.



CAPTAIN OAKES BEARING CLAUDINE HEATHCOATE THROUGH THE FLOOD.

The horse of the coachman now began to struggle and labor, and having got his head down the current, was unable to make any but a downward progress; and he and his rider, who loudly shouted for help, were soon borne out of sight of the rest, disappearing in the darkness and turmoil of the water that poured over the bridge as over a bed of rapids. It was no time for words, or expressions of sympathy. Each one was striving for his own safety.

"Fear not, Lady," said Brinsley, as he pressed to his heart his lovely burden; "danger with us is nearly past. In a few seconds we shall reach the bank!"

"My father—is he safe?"

"He is doing bravely. He needs no aid! If he does, my servant is in reach of him."

In a few moments they were all landed upon the brink of the torrent; but hardly had they time to congratulate each other when a loud, shrill shriek, wild and terrible in its sound, unearthly in its cadence, reached their ears from the distance and darkness below them. It was followed instantly by a piercing outcry of a man's voice in the last extremity of mortal agony.

"It is the horse drowning, and the man also," said Captain Oakes. "We can do nothing to save him! All our care is for our own safety! We have got a mile and a half to ride to the first house in the town, where alone we can get shelter. Let us on!"

"And leave my man?" exclaimed, with a groan, the master of the coachman.

"He is past all aid! This silence tells the whole tale! Horse and rider have both drowned. If you value the health or safety of your child, we have not a moment to waste on vain regrets."

"You are right! It seems cruel; but let us onward all, at what pace we may."

With sad hearts the gentleman and his daughter rode forward, Claudine, as we have once heard her called by her father, riding still, as the only alternative, in front of Brinsley, and supported by his arm. Shortly after, amid driving hail and thunder-peals that shook the solid ground, and with all the sky illumined by incessant flashes, they galloped up to a small inn in the first street of the town, and cheered by the cheerful lights that shone out from its windows, they felt that their perils were past. And save that the sad fate of the coachman filled the soul of his master and mistress with gloom, they would have made merry, in the present safety, of their recent dangers.

Reader! This was the first meeting, as above described, of Brinsley Oakes with Claudine Heathcoate; and, singularly enough, in the presence of his deserted and crazed young wife and son.

Such a night's adventure, with its perils and escapes shared in common, could not otherwise than have interested them all in each other. The next morning at breakfast, Brinsley received not only the grateful thanks of the lovely girl whom he had borne so safely across the wild waters, but of her father. An intimacy based upon circumstances was the natural result. Invited to the abode of Mr. Heathcoate, Brinsley Oakes was not the man to decline such an invitation, now that he knew the fair and proud beauty he had rescued from danger was the very maiden, the very heiress in prospective, he had come from India hoping to discover and to marry—the sister of Argyll and Charles Heathcoate.

The old gentleman was living in retirement, having lost his fortune in the stocks, yet having saved enough to educate and bring up his daughter in the style becoming her rank as an earl's grand-daughter. His two sons had early been sent to their uncle in Bengal, as the reader is already aware.

Six months after this night of adventure, Brinsley Oakes addressed formally Claudine; and the suit being favored by her father, she accepted him on the condition that her brothers in India should consent also. But the reader already knows the fate of her letters. It was not safe for Brinsley Oakes to have these high-toned brothers consulted, and surreptitiously he possessed himself of her letters to them; and after a sufficient lapse of time forged suitable, and of course favorable replies. She nor the world knew nothing of his false (yet true and real) marriage six years before with Katharine Cecil, and how he had broken her heart and dishonored and ignored his own son! The world only knew him as a brave soldier enough, an officer on half-pay, of a good family, and a fine personal presence.

Claudine, or Lady Claudine (as she was always termed, even from a child, by all who knew her, from a certain lady-like, sweet and gracious manner peculiar to her; though, as the grandchild of a countess and the sister of a nobleman and of a baronet, as she subsequently became, this was a title as appropriate as it was courteously conceded), being won by this artful and evil man, committed, as many a credulous and loving woman has done before her, and will do for all time to come, her heart, her hand, her honor and her happiness into his sacred keeping! Sacred! can such a word be spoken in connection with such a man?

She was married in due time in the village church, and an unseen witness of the ceremony was Katharine Cecil! The rest of the history of this union is all known to the reader. But one by-scene needs to be referred to before we close this chapter, and that is an interview which, before his marriage with Lady Claudine, he had with the poor crazed mother of his boy. This interview was sought by himself from policy. He wished to secure himself from her appearance at times and on occasions when her presence might confuse him, and require explanation of it to others—even to Lady Claudine. So he sought her out, and humoring her with kind words, as of old time, when he won her heart, she agreed not to trouble him nor go near him, if he would promise never to take her boy from the shepherds, nor injure him; and to this he agreed, provided also she would keep forever secret from him the name of his father! But after his marriage, hearing from Pompey that she was seen about his house, he took such steps as were necessary in the premises, and sent her to the asylum for the insane, to a bedlam for women, not far from Salisbury. Here, at his own cost, she remained for a few years, separated from her son, who grew up an ignorant shepherd boy, with barely a knowledge of his letters, and only evincing superiority in rational intelligence and ruddy beauty over other shepherd lads. He had caught the dialect of the class and pursuit he was so long familiar with; and when at length Katharine Cecil escaped from her mad-house, and sought the home of her child, she no longer recognized in the large, overgrown shepherd's hind her handsome, healthy, aristocratic looking child! Yet with all a mother's devotion she clasped him to her heart.

In the interim Brinsley Oakes had seen his son, visiting him annually, from the pressure of some inexplicable fascination. He found him at such times in the plains or on the uplands alone with his flock, being careful never to come near enough to the cottage to risk being seen by Andrew.

When Reuben described to his mother this stranger, she knew him, and secretly feared, yet rejoiced—rejoiced at the thought that perhaps some day he might yet recognize and acknowledge both him and the mother! It was on one of these stolen visits to his son—visits, not of affection, but of morbid curiosity to look at *his own* child—that he found him writing the name of "Argyll" upon a piece of the door of the shealing, and also upon the flat rocks.

The reader has seen the use he made of this discovery. What could be the material of his heart, who could, from year to year, see his son living the coarse and ignorant life of a shepherd, and yet raise not his little finger to improve his mind, as if, and truly, he hoped, in the darkness of his ignorance, to hide forever the knowledge of his birth! And what would be the nature of the conscience of his father, who, when his forsaken child had evinced some talent at imitation, should conceive the fiendish idea of making use of it to further his own criminal devices, recklessly indifferent to the consequences that might ultimately fall upon the unconscious lad, or rather, positively planning the sure destruction of his child? Did he secretly hope that the life he dared not take—the life of the son he was ashamed to acknowledge—would be sacrificed to the laws of the land?

But it is not for us to speculate upon the nature of our characters; but to develope their characters in action as they are. Having now devoted two and a third chapters to a restropective view of scenes that passed prior to the actual time of the opening of our Tale, we shall now resume the onward progress of our narrative, which we have temporarily suspended from the point at which Brinsley Oakes gave orders—during the midnight conflagration—to Pompey to follow the retreating figure of Katharine, after she parted from him on the piazza, on the night our story began.

The position in which Brinsley Oakes found himself to be as he tried fairly to face his guilt and its consequences, as to and fro on his piazza he paced with bent head and his hands crossed behind his back, was as follows:—but we give the issues in his own soliloquy, the light of the distant conflagration shining redly upon his brow, and lighting up with a strange vividness his hollow eyes and haggard visage!—for in one night he had become an old man!

We desire, before we continue our tale, clearly to disclaim, dear reader, any effort to paint from impression the character of an evil and unprincipled man. The course of crime is always the same in direction, though differing in degree, with all men! The first link demands another link to be forged, and insensibly a chain of crime is lengthened out, link by link, until its weight is too great for the criminal to carry; and it becomes too involved and entangled for him to straighten it, and he perishes; like the fabled genii who stole from the king of the north magnetic land his sceptre, and was speedily overwhelmed by the masses of iron that its attraction precipitated upon him from all sides. The first crime is this sceptre; and the holder is by-and-by crushed by the weight of the iron of his deeds. The character of Brinsley Oakes is not a mere fiction. The steps of his progress, his subterfuges, his plans and devices to recover himself from false positions, are but the legitimate consequences of a commencement to do wrong. Every evil act, if it must be concealed, calls for another evil act, greater still! and so the fatal chain is progressively forged.

We have seen how Brinsley Oakes is surrounding himself hour by hour with a more complicated network of guilt! How that desperate in his resources he hesitates not at any suggestion presented to his mind by safety or expediency or hope.

"First, there is that false marriage wherein I deceived that beautiful woman by substituting for the priest my friend—that mad-cap, Ensign Bailey Wagstaff. That was the beginning of my trouhles! Then came the fear of the discovery of the deception! only allayed finally by the lucky death of Wagstaff in action in India the year after; and the only security I have against the sexton, whom I bribed to get the use of the church after service, before he closed it is, that his own safety calls for a silent tongue; yet I sometimes fear the fellow may, in an hour of penitence, if he come to die, betray me! Were he dead also, the secret would be as safe—like all secrets shut up in coffins and buried six feet beneath the ground! Then there is the constant fear that Katharine will betray me as her husband to some of the family—one of those hot-blooded Heathcoates—or to my wife! Then there is the boy in the way! a living testimony always before my mind! How many times have I been tempted to put him out of the world I was instrumental in bringing him into! but *this* crime I could never bring my hand to! But now, by other agencies, I hope I shall ere long be well rid of him! He is safe in prison for the last night's robbery; and he can have neither counsel nor help of friends, have no means and no funds! He must therefore be sentenced to Australia for life! This is better than his blood; which, if he had grown up in England and ever acknowledged himself my son, I fear I should not have hesitated to shed. This is a fearful alternative! But when a man has once begun to do evil there is no end to it! He must wade through the depths of guilt to hide his guilt! And here is my forgery of Claudine's name! That she may reveal! Here is this robbery—possibly, though not by my weakness, this may be fastened upon the true perpetrator of it! Then here is this impertinent footman and the scene I had with him: I have had notice secretly sent to the police so that he shall trouble me but little for his money again; and be another barrier between that robbery and me! And now for the morrow! What is before me! I have means to take up the forged check! that will be one trouble less! But this will take all my money! I shall not have ten pounds over after doing thus! And money must I have! The club houses will all be open in a day or two; I must make my appearance among the lords and gentlemen there, and, with money to play, I must be seen there, or my absence may be suspected, and it may be thought (so jealous is guilt!) that I dare not appear because I have been connected with this robbery of Colonel Stanley, as I hear his name is. No; I must put a bold face on it, and be openly seen and have means to maintain my attitude among my equals! But where shall I get the means? Not from play; because I have nothing to begin to play with! Once refund this eight thousand pounds, got so hardly and dangerously, and I am a beggar. Of all the luxury in this house I own not a penny; unknown to Claudine I have mortgaged every article, even to her own toilet! Little does she suspect that the diamonds of her brilliant trosseau were taken by me to London and removed by a skillful jewel broker, and replaced by the perfect imitations which now cheat her eyes! No—I have no resources left! Where will this end? To what brink of a horrible precipice am I drifting? Bah! I will shut my eyes and seal my conscience! The present! the *present!* Live to-day and Die to-morrow! I must act for the *now*, and let the future take care of consequences! Yonder fire has burned down and is smouldering," he added, stopping as the clock struck three in the morning. "So will the fires of my soul one day consume me! But hush! this voice of conscience must be silenced! To-morrow! Let me wait for the morrow to see what it will bring forth. Here is my slave! Well, did you follow the woman!"

"Yiss, massa," answered the African. "I see 'em go way out far as de fields."

"May she never come back again," answered Captain Oakes, in a tone of deep hatred; for it is the nature of the depraved to hate the object it has injured. This is doubtless the secret of the hatred of the Prince of the Power of the Air for mankind. How closely are evil men united with evil angels. "Did you learn where the fire has been!"

"A great church and the large handsom' hous' of Colenum Stan'lum!"

"Stanley?"

"Yes, massa, dat's it—Stan'lum!"

"This is a strange coincidence! Robbed and burned out the same night!"

"What, massa?"

"I did not speak. Now go to bed. I shall try and get some sleep!"

He re-entered his room by the long venetian window, and the slave threw himself, as his custom was, by the door, and in a moment was in a deep sleep. His master stood regarding him for a little while with looks of envy.

"Would to God I could sleep thus like a brute beast! No dreams—no horrors—no terrific nightmares trouble that animal African! For one twelve hours sleep like his I would for that twelve hours change places with him! Sleep! I fear its awful and irresistible power to torment! Would that sleep were an eternal oblivion—as dead and unfeeling as the stone itself, and where eternal silence and everlasting torpor no dream could invade—no memory or conscience feel! Then would I lie down there beside that African slave, and bidding the morrows take care of themselves for all the future of time, commit myself to dreamless oblivion. How easily thus could man escape the consequences that he has to meet on the morrow: how glibly would guilt elude its certain punishment on the morrow! Ah, there is something in my inmost nature that tells me there can be no annihilation for an immortal being; that punishment must be met, here or otherwhere; that the causes we originate must extend to their legitimate consequences, and, that the issues we start, we must meet in this world or another. Would that the annihilation and nonentity out of which forty years ago I was created and given individuality and consciousness had never been invaded in my own case; but that the state of nothingness which from eternity had preceded my existence had remained, and that it still remained! But the bark is launched! There is no returning whence we came that we may cease to be! But what avail these thoughts! I will try to sleep! Let the gas burn brighter! In dim light I seem to see shadows, and these mingle with my sleep and make dreams! Here is at least temporary insensibility!"

As he spoke he poured laudanum from a vial into a glass of wine, and drank it off. He then laid down, utterly wearied in mind and body; and taking a book, tried to read, (because he feared to think,) till he should be overpowered with drowsiness, which soon followed.

Leaving him and his slave thus sleeping; and Katharine Cecil taking her dark and lonely way along the coach-road leading out of Bath, seeking a camp of gypsies which she knew to be near; leaving Lady Claudine and Mary Mayflower together in the boudoir, also seeking sleep, that they may have strength to prepare them for the morrow's claims upon their humanity and pity; leaving poor Thomas weeping and ringing his hands in the cell in which the officers had placed him after his arrest; leaving Reuben also in his prison, but sweetly asleep with the repose of innocence; leaving the fat steward also asleep in the large stuffed chair, which was his customary couch; we draw the curtain of night and repose over all, to enter upon the scenes of the eventful morrow.

Dawn broke upon the city of Bath with roseate and purple waves of light flowing up the eastern sky before the unseen sun. Azure and crimson-edged clouds floated in a sea of golden glory, like fairy isles. A soft haze from the smoke of the great fire veiled the atmosphere, and enriched the scenery lighted by the morning sun, which was this day reflected from one less spire than flung back its burnished beams the morning before. One of the handsomest churches, as well as one of the most tasteful residences, that of Colonel Stanley, had been destroyed during the night.

At length the citizens of Bath, and the visitors who were there to drink the waters, and all whom business, or health, or pleasure, or want, or idleness called forth, filled, as on the day before, the thoroughfares, squares, and places of resort. The roar of the wheels of commerce, and the rattle of the chariots of pleasure, were heard mingled with the varied sounds of a busy populace.

Lady Claudine arose, after a few hours of uneasy rest, not from guilt—oh, no!—but from sorrow and fear! Mary was sleeping still, but awoke as the sunbeams shone full upon her face.

"Oh, mistress, am I here? What is it? Oh, I now recollect all! Poor Thomas is in prison! Will you help me to get him out?"

"Yes. As soon as breakfast is over, I will go to the magistrate and do all in my power for him. Your troubles may serve to make me forget mine."

"Ah, poor lady! *You* have indeed troubles!" said Mary, shaking her head at the recollection of the robbery, which she knew would break her heart when she came to hear *who* was the highwayman!

That Lady Claudine felt deeply concerned about the forged check which that day became due, need not be said. She knew that if it were not taken up Captain Oakes would be detected and arrested as its utterer! If it were taken up (and this thought made her tremble), it would be evidently with money obtained from a fresh forgery! How little did the unhappy lady suspect the true source whence it was obtained!

At the hour of opening the banks Brinsley Oakes might have been seen coming out of the Savings Bank, and entering the vestibule of the bank where his forged check lay. In a few minutes he re-appeared tearing up in very small pieces the check, which, upon his deposit of the eight thousand pounds in the name and to the credit of Charles Heathcoate, he had begged to be returned to him. His white locks were now covered by a wig of dark hair.

"There is one devil less to torment me," he muttered between his closed teeth, as he scattered the minute fragments of the witness of his forgery to the winds. "I defy the Heathcoates now! My name is upon but one more piece of paper—but the signature Claudine having assumed to the face of the banker, I have nothing to fear from it. Now were this confounded robbery affair out of the way I should breathe freely and feel like a gentleman! I will await the progress of this matter quietly."

"Good morning, Captain," said a fashionably-dressed young nobleman, accosting him. "What has altered you so? You look ten years older since last week."

"Ah, my lord, how d'ye do?" answered Oakes, not noticing this remark.

"Well, but deuced weary. That confounded fire last night, nearly opposite my hotel, kept me awake half the night. Bad for poor Stanley! They say he has lost everything by the burning of his house. And I hear he can't find rooms either for himself or his beautiful daughter! Bath is crowded! It will be a pity if he has to go back to London, and take such a superb flower from our parterre as Emma Stanley!"

"I have heard she is very beautiful."

"But poor! Her father has lost everything! It was rumored she was to be married, and to receive some twenty thousand pounds from her father as dowry; but he had no insurance."

"And what is more, did you hear he was waylaid and robbed of eight thousand pounds last night?" asked the captain, with perfect coolness.

"No—you surprise me, Oakes!"

"I thought it was all over town."

"I did not hear of it. When or where?"

"A little after sunset last evening; and in the lane in the rear of my garden and house."

"This is coming close to you, with a witness."

"The pistol was heard in the house!"

"Was he shot at?"

"Yes."

"This is a bold affair enough—deuce if 'taint. Have they any idea who perpetrated it?"

"A peasant boy from the country, I hear, was arrested as the robber," responded Oakes, with the utmost indifference. "But where is Colonel Stanley?"

"Just now, I believe, at a miserable lodging in the Bell Inn."

"I will go and offer him, as he is a soldier, the hospitalities of my own house," said the captain; "good day, my lord!"

"You are a deuced hospitable fellow, Oakes," said the young lord, moving on towards the bath rooms.

As Brinsley Oakes walked on in the direction of the Inn, he reasoned thus:

"If I invite him to my house, all suspicion will be forestalled. It is bearding the lion in his den; but I will not let this occasion slip without making use of it to prevent the rise of the least surmise connecting me with this robbery. He could not have seen my face, as I could not distinguish his in the gloom under the trees, and my face was muffled. He heard my voice, but I disguised it. It is impossible he should recognize me! But I must run the risk! Once having him and his daughter guests beneath my roof, and I may defy all that I now fear. If," he added, as he came near the Inn, "if he should recognize me! But if he suspected, my audacity in coming to him would lull all doubts of me in a moment. I will venture!"

CHAPTER IX.

Colonel Stanley was seated in a small chamber in the Inn, with his elbow upon a table, and his face dropped with a desponding air into his palm. His fine, military countenance was sad, and he looked like a man utterly broken in spirit. His gray locks were here and there crisped by the flames which he had buffeted, to secure some important papers from his burning rooms.

By his side sat his daughter, a young and lovely girl of nineteen summers. She was still arrayed in her night dress, in which, with a shawl about her, she had escaped from the house, losing all that appertained to her. Yet in this dishabille she was eminently attractive. Her dark chestnut and gold-shaded hair was plainly bound back, leaving a mass of lustrous tresses, in rich masses, pending from the knot. Her soft, hazel-nut colored eyes, (the most beautiful and gazelle-like eyes in the world when they *are* beautiful,) were sad and tearful, and beaming upon her father tenderly, and with a sweet expression of sympathy. About his neck was entwined one of her exquisitely white and rounded arms, and with the hand of the other she clasped his. It was a picture, noble and touching, to see the fair daughter thus entwining herself about her stricken father.

"Nay, my dear father, let it not grieve you so," she said, softly, and with a voice so winning and loving, and full of hope, that even Despair would have removed her wan hands from her face, and lifted her wild eyes to listen with new-born hope. "All is not lost! You have your half-pay. There is your life-insurance for ten thousand pounds, which you have often said was as good as one half money to you, when you wished; and then for the farm you sold yesterday you are to receive eight thousand pounds more!"

"I owe as much as that, my daughter. All my hopes for you are now wrecked! Who would wed you—now penniless!"

"Charles, my dear father," she answered, looking brightly and smilingly into his eyes.

"No, no! He expected twenty thousand as your dowry. This was in my house mainly; and now you are a beggar!"

"Not quite, dear father; you remain," she said, cheerfully. "If I had lost you, dearest, and saved the house, then I should have been poor indeed! But with you, alive and safe, preserved to me to love and comfort, I am richer than twenty twenty thousand pounds!"

"You are a brave and good girl. It lightens one half my loss to see you so cheerful."

"And why not both be so? Your half-pay will support us in lodgings in London. I can give lessons on embroidery, and——"

Here her father suddenly raised himself, and with a proud look, and the flush of indignation mantling his temples, cried—

"Never! Not while I live! The daughter of Colonel Stanley become a teacher for wages! Child—forgive my harshness; but I can bear my house burned, to be waylaid, and to be robbed and shot at, but spare me this last blow—this last shame! Forgive me, Emma, but if you wish not to grieve me, speak not to me upon such a subject."

"When, dear father, shall we go up to London?" she said, changing at once the subject.

"By this evening's mail. It will not take us long to pack up, child," he said, bitterly. "Oh! if it were not for thy happiness I could bear all my losses. But you will not now be married!"

"It matters not, dear father. No one knew of my engagement with Charles but ourselves. But, dear father, Charles never cared for the dowry. He said that he would never take it from you."

"Does he think I would give him a penniless daughter to wife!"

"He is *so* rich, dear father; and then he loved me before he knew anything about my condition or prospects."

"A romantic love! One that last night's fire burned quickly out, you may be sure. You will hear no more of him. Nor do I wish you to hear more of him. I am not so lost to pride as to give you to him as a beggar! He shall not have it to say that you brought him not a penny!"

"He is too generous, dear father. But let us not talk upon this subject. This evening we will go to London, and take pleasant rooms, and I dare say you will be happier than we ever have been. I will be with you, and sing and play to you, and we will walk out together in the parks——"

Walk!—yes, child, we shall have to walk now. Oh! my daughter, that you, the idol of my heart, and my pride, for whose tender feet I thought the richest carpets of Persia too rough, that you should come to this!"

"Why—it is so healthy to walk out and take the air. You know how Dr. Arlington has always said if ladies would use their feet more, and wheels less, they would be happier, healthier, and handsomer! only the doctor, being a London gentleman, did not put the 'h's' to these three words."

"I see you try to take this misfortune cheerfully, dear Emma. But I fear beneath those smiles, and that bright voice, is a secret sorrow, and that when you get by yourself your pent-up heart will overflow through your eyes."

"No, dear father, no," answered this interesting and truly noble girl, kissing him upon the forehead. "We are not so miserable. We shall see many happy days!"

"See you how the world is?" he said, with a groan: "In my poverty (for all Bath knows that I never insured, and that I have lost all) there is none so low as to do me reverence. What house is offered to me?—nay, I care not, but to thee—for thy sake, what doors fly open?"

"But, dear father, it is not ten o'clock yet. They know not but we are with friends."

"Friends! I shall know who they are now."

At this moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!"

The landlord of the Bell Inn opened the door, and making a low obeisance, at least as low as his rotund stomach would admit of bending, said—

"Colonel, the chief officer of the police, sir."

"Ah!—about the robbery of my money, I suppose. Nay, Emma, stay here. Tell him to enter."

A man of large stature, in Wellington boots, a buff vest, and in the uniform of chief of police, came in a moment afterwards. Stroking his half-whiskers, and looking about him with a professional air of scrutiny, he said:

"Colonel Stanley, I believe, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"I am the Marshal of the Police. I heard of your robbery a few minutes afterwards, and have arrested two persons, who, it is said, did it, and they are now in prison. I have called to ask you to go with me to recognize them."

"Two men in prison? There was but one who attacked me, sir."

"True; but it was charged that the other was present, and aided and abetted."

"I saw no other than the man who took my pocket-book. There *may* have been an accomplice."

"Would you recognize the person who robbed you?"

"I would not by his face, but I think I would by his voice; besides, I have a clue to him—a faint one indeed, but in the hands of the police it may turn to something. Here it is—a buff kid glove, which in the struggle I pulled from his hand."

"This is a *gentleman's* glove!" said the chief, with surprise and emphasis on the word gentleman.

"To be sure. It was a gentle—or genteel man who attacked me."

"Then it can be neither of these we have in prison," said the chief. "But will you be so kind as to accompany me to see them both?"

"I will go with you. Who told you to arrest the men?" asked the Colonel, rising.

"My lieutenant informed me that Captain Oakes, hearing the report of the pistol, and being in his garden, ran to the spot, and saw a person escaping; he followed him, and pointed him out as he was running away, and he was seized."

"That is fortunate. Of course the pocket-book was not in his possession, or you would have brought it to me."

"No. The accomplice probably received it; but as it was several hours before he was arrested, he had time to put it away. It was by an order and complaint from you, Colonel, that the second man was taken; and of course I supposed you knew who he was."

"I gave no order. I have not even entered a complaint. I have had such great troubles since."

"This is the order, signed by you, sir," said the chief, producing a piece of paper.

"Read it. What says it?"

"To the Chief, or any Lieutenant of Police:—The highway robber now in jail had an accomplice, whom I recognized as Thomas Stephenson, body servant to Capt. Brinsley Oakes. He should be arrested without delay, as in the morning, if he finds suspicion directed towards him, he may escape.

"Henry Penlyon Stanley."

"This is all a forgery, sir! I did not write a line of it?"

"It is very odd, sir."

"When did you get it?"

"About two o'clock in the morning."

"My house was then consuming? How could I write then? No, sir! You have probably been deceived by some one who would screen a guilty person by imprisoning another, for forgeries are never executed for honest ends' Who is this Thomas Stephenson?"

"Captain Oakes's servant."

"Oh, I forgot; so you said. It may be he is guilty; but it is strange my name should be so used!"

"The two men will be brought up for examination before the justice's bench to-morrow, and if the evidence is not sufficient they will not of course be committed for trial."

"I will postpone my journey to London, then, sir, that I may be present and see the two men. It will do as well then as now. You will offer for me a reward of two hundred pounds for the recovery of my money, Mr. Chief of the Police."

At this moment Mr. Boniface the host. came to the door, and looked in.

"What now, landlord?" asked the colonel, a little nervously. "Emma, if any one else comes in, you had best retire to the inner room."

"Captain Oakes, sir, sends his compliments, sir."

"I have not the honor of knowing him."

"Army man, sir! rich and fast man, too!" said mine host, with a nod and smile, as if he was conferring the highest possible praise; "gives dinners and drives best horses! fast and free sort of a man, sir!"

"I think I've heard of him. Emma, you had best retire, child. Does Captain Oakes wish to see me?"

"Oh, yes, sir! He didn't chance to have a card about him, but begs to be permitted to see you for a moment."

"Return to Captain Oakes my respects, and show him up."

"Good morning, sir," said the Chief of Police; "I know of nothing further that I can do. To-morrow you will attend?"

"Yes, at the justice's."

"I will ask you if you know the number of your bank notes?"

"Not of six of the thousand pound ones; but the gentleman who paid them to me must know. Indeed, I had not time to take the numbers before I was robbed; but there were two thousand pound notes in a separate apartment of my pocket-book, the numbers of which, with the dates, I know."

"Can you recollect them?" asked the Chief, taking out his tablets and pencil.

"Yes. One was 13,333, December 24, last year; the other was numbered 33,331, June 1st, the present year. I recollect them from the singular inversion of the two numbers having the same figures. There was also a five pound and a one pound note, and both of these were singularly marked."

"Please to describe how?"

"A shop-man on the back of the former—"

"The five pun'?"

"Yes, on the five pound note a shop-keeper had stamped his name and street, as such men sometimes do, when notes pass through their hands, by way of advertising. I remember this man's name. It was 'Samuel Craighead, No. 57 1-2 Strand, London.'"

"This is important, sir," said the police officer, writing down this sentence.

"The one pound note had upon the back, evidently written by some wretched spendthrift:

"'This is the last of twenty thousand pounds, wasted in five years by extravagance and folly.

G. H.'"

"This is valuable information, sir!"

"I trust it will prove to be so."

"Good morning, Colonel Stanley."

"Good morning, sir."

As the Chief of Police turned to go out, he met full in the face, and almost coming in collision with his body, Captain Brinsley Oakes. The latter turned suddenly pale upon discovering his button and badge; but as the Chief merely bowed and passed down stairs, he recovered his self-possession, and entered.

"Colonel Stanley, I believe?" he said, in a low and easy tone, and bowing with courtesy.

"Yes, sir," answered the colonel, rising and saluting him.

"Captain Brinsley Oakes, Colonel. I have heard of your calamity, and hearing you were at the inn, have come down to beg you to do me and Lady Oakes the honor of receiving you and your daughter as our guests, until you decide upon your future movements. Persons so suddenly thrown out of an elegant home, must, for a few days at least, be quite at a loss what to decide upon for the future. This is not a place suitable for your daughter."

At this moment Emma entered, and received from the captain a profound bow, followed by a close and surprised scrutiny of her beautiful face and graceful form.

"The half had not been told me," he said within himself. "Here are Hebe and Diana combined to make a perfect woman, while the Madonna has lent her brow and eyes!"

This criticism was the act of a moment—the summing up of a glance.

"I thank you, Captain Oakes," answered Colonel Stanley; "but we leave for London so soon, it is better to remain where we are."

While giving this answer, the colonel seemed restless and uneasy, and eyed the captain as if trying to recall whether he had met him before! "Surely I have seen or met that man," he said to himself; "but where I cannot recollect. But it was not favorable to him, I think, for the feelings with which I try to recall him are unpleasant. I don't like him! It may have been in India years ago—it may have been in England later! But yet his face seems wholly strange to me! What is there about him that so troubles and perplexes me?"

"I regret that you will not accept my offer, Colonel Stanley. I hope you will regard it as a proof of my sympathy and friendship."

As the colonel, absorbed in trying to recollect him, for more and more he was convinced he had somewhere (and under unpleasant circumstances) met him, did not at once reply, his daughter, too guileless to suspect evil where the surface was fair, and really grateful for this attention to her father, answered, with just embarrassment enough (becoming a maiden for the first time addressing a stranger) to enhance the beauty of her face:

"My father is very grateful to you, sir, I am sure, and appreciates your courtesy; but we leave for London to-morrow."

The captain was about to reply in a gallant speech, when his eyes met full the keen, scrutinizing, and yet perplexed gaze of her father. Instead, therefore, of answering her, his confidence forsook him, and bowing low to them he apologized briefly for intruding, and was about to retire, fearing a recognition, when the colonel advanced a step or two, and cried, in a harsh and suspicious tone,—

"Where the devil have we met, sir?"

"I have forgotten, Colonel," answered Brinsley, at his wits' end how to reply to this direct demand; yet feeling the necessity of answering, and so answering as to throw him off from any dangerous suspicion; "and perhaps I resemble some one you have met!"

"Possibly, sir!"

The next moment Brinsley Oakes disappeared, not a little relieved to escape the recognition which he expected to take place each instant.

"It will be perilous for me to be seen again by this sharp-eyed old man," he said, as he descended the stairs. "If, by chance, he had caught one tone of my voice in the raised and determined key in which I demanded his pocket-book, his mind would spring upon the recognition like a stag-hound upon a buck. I will keep out of his way till he is off to London! At all events, I have offered him the hospitality of my house. This is so much dust to blind the eyes of suspicion. But who is here? What do you wish?" he demanded, as a man came out of the door of the tap-room and beckoned to him mysteriously. He followed him to a little room that was at the foot of the stairs; where, for the present, we will leave him to return to Colonel Stanley.

"Emma," he said, turning to his daughter, as Brinsley departed from their room, "that man's presence has been like a nightmare upon my mind. I have met him, and under unpleasant affairs; and I must try and think where and when."

"He was very kind to call!"

"Yes; and I may be doing him injustice. I am glad he has gone. To-morrow we depart. It is strange that two are in prison, when but one robbed me! Were it not leaving you alone, I would go and see these men at once."

"Do, dear father! They may not be guilty, and if innocent, they ought not to remain all night in prison. I can stay here alone and in safety."

"You are a noble and good girl, and will, by and by, make me feel cheerful, too—with all my calamities. I can't but think, child, it was very strange for Captain Oakes to call here and make you this offer. If he has a wife, why did she not come? If he has not, how could he ask you? It is very singular."

The colonel now took his hat, and saying he would be absent but an hour, left the room to pay a visit to the prison.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

* * *

THE ENDS OF LIFE

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Make me happy! make me happy!" is the language of both the words and the actions of men. And happiness is to be desired; it is heavy traveling through days and years borne down by a burden of sorrow; it is hard standing upright with a ball of lead where the heart should be; it is hard lifting a clear gaze and a serene face towards heaven when tears are bubbling up like water from a boiling fountain, and when the heart is rent by the throes of pain; but, after all, these things can be borne—they *must* be borne; and they should not be wondered or repined at, as though because one had missed earthly happiness he had missed the chief good of life. The end of life here is *character*—men are not instruments made to be "everlastingly fiddled on by the fingers of joy"—they were not sent into this world to flutter about without a thought of the future—to deck themselves gaily, and glide through life like a butterfly sliding down a rainbow—far from it; they are put here to be made good for something; to be, by attrition, by pounding, often by *breaking*, made fit to be happy hereafter. Some jewels need more working and polishing than others—just so it is with men. There are some nuts whose kernal is easily come at; others even the frost has hard work to strip of their thick and rugged covering—so it is with men. Those that are soon and easily prepared for perfect happiness are early taken to enjoy it; but the gnarled and sturdy natures, or the weak and perverse ones, and the proud and selfish, have to be kept longer in "the work-shop of humanity," and more rudely handled. As well might a school-boy look for kites and marbles during school hours, as men look for unbroken enjoyment on earth. An undue expectation of happiness is the rock on which the young are constantly splitting. The fate of all that have gone before proves no warning to the crowds still pressing out towards the high seas of life—each one is sure that *his* fate will be more joyous than the fate of his predecessors—and out fly the white sails, hasting after illusive sunshine, till the keel of each deluded voyager is grating on the rock.

* * *

FAITH.

When exalted above the grossness of our natural inclinations, we tread the earth, but feel we are not of it. We soar above the sordidness that besets us at every stride we take; and in more than imagination—for in such moments our thoughts acquire hues that never fade—lift ourselves into that pure empyrean where darkness ends and light reigns everlastingly. Bound to the earth by many a fond association, still there is something else—something silvery soft and dear—a sound which wakes an echo that falls on the ear

"Sweet, short and broken, as divided strains
Of nightingales."

What can this be but *faith*—faith in ourselves and others, and in that immortality which

"As with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite?"

In our hours of toil, when the brain reels under the pressure of contending emotions; in our moments of sorrow, despair and agony, how often does this faith come upon us, like luscious June, with its

"Thousand gentle whisperings,
Or sighs most musical; or thy laughings;
Or beautiful babblings, as of airy tongues
Heard from afar;"

and soothe us into the contentment which gives dignity and purpose to the loving philosophy which teaches the pleasing lesson that—

"When time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past shall stay,
And half our joys renew!"

And again in the solemn night—

"When the sweet wind doth gently kiss the trees,
And they do make no noise,"

what still small voice is that which holds communion with another world but Faith's, arming the soul in its kindred hours to be

"As free from guile
As children; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses,"

and kindling within the mind the undying hope which sweetly says:—

"Though frost
Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow
Thaw not, but gather, there is that within
Which, when it comes, makes summer!"

* * *

VANITY.

Among the numerous foibles incident to mankind, there is none they have a stronger propensity to, or in which they more willingly indulge, than vanity. And they are most vain who say they have no vanity; for no one ever doubts that the want of vanity he boasts of proceeds from want of merit. He rather thinks that he excels all mankind in having a mind superior to the foible. Now, what is this opinion but the summit of vanity?

We may depend upon it that we are always setting too high a value on ourselves when we find any temptation to vanity, or any inclination to despise others. In nine cases out of ten we are proud of some external advantage; and some advantage, moreover, that is incapable of gaining us the esteem of persons that is worth having. Is it beauty, birth, rank, or riches? It is true that all of these attract the eyes and admiration of every one. But it is a sort of admiration which is ever attended, if not with contempt, at least with envy; for if men see that we are too vain and puffed up with conceit for any of these gifts of nature or of fortune, they will refuse us the superiority we would usurp, and look with disdain on what we expect they should admire. If it is beauty of which we are vain, beauty by itself bestows no merit. If rank, a man may have nearly every honor in the peerage, and yet be a fool. If birth, the very circumstance of being obscure is a disgrace to the illustrious progenitors and the long race of heroes from whom we are sprung. If riches, a man may have vast wealth, and yet hardly be able to utter two sentences of common sense. If a man is vain because he is possessed of landed property, he should remember that a great estate is rarely possessed along with wisdom; and if of learning, a man may be a profound scholar, and well read, but his erudition may be rendered ridiculous by pedantry. If it is political knowledge of which he is vain, a great statesman may be destitute of honesty; if manners, a polite courtier may be a stranger to virtue; and if on account of moving in the circles of fashion, an accomplished gentleman may not have so much understandiug as the servant who attends to his wardrobe and ties the strings of his waistcoat.

* * *

DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.

A woman should regard the family physician and her relations to him as among the most important she has to fulfill. Upon her firm tone of mind, her truthfulness, her trust and patience under some delays and disappointments, may the safety of herself and children, or other dear ones greatly depend. If she seeks in him chiefly a domestic gossip and a flatterer, it will not often be difficult to make a respectable doctor both of these; or, if she tampers with him herself, and conceals the deviations of children and servants from his rule, she must not wonder if he becomes hasty and rough in listening to her explanations; or if she is a theorist, and chooses to give him proof of her superior discernment, she will, perhaps, provoke him to prove her at fault, at some small abatement of his own straightforwardness. This last propensity, strongly as it prevails among women, (for almost every woman is at heart a doctor, and has her own system of medicine, if it were but the right one,) is, however, on the whole, the least evil, because the vanity of being thought to understand the subject is mostly accompanied with open-heartedness; the worst is, that the temper of mind it produces is so bad for one whose proper business it is to obey directions, not slavishly of course, but in good faith. And then this propensity acts, not on herself only, but upon her household, her children, dependants, friends. An unbelieving, conceited tone drives the poor doctor almost to despair. He sees every body in the house is wiser in his own eyes than he is; and that, if anything goes wrong, it was predicted before the remedy was tried. So they are at a perpetual game of cross purposes, in playing which it is hard to say which party is the most likely to be pleased or satisfied.

HOURS WITH THOSE WE LOVE.

Sweet are the hours spent with those we love—they are the honey-drops which fall into the cup of our lives like gifts from Heaven. From childhood to silvery age we all of us have those golden hours, and the thrill we had when young vibrates through us, despite the frosts and snows that surround us in our remotest after-time, even in the day when accumulated years and experience bow us to the earth from whence we sprang. There are moments in all our lives in which the fates of all of us are born; and how frequently does this occur during the hours we have with those we loved in our spring-time! A word, a look, a tone, a thought garnished with the flowers of poesy, or a fancy bright as a ray of sunshine from the eastern sky, breaks through the tangled web of our ideas, and up bubbles a clear spring, which, forming for itself a channel, carries us along with it, and gives motive-power to every one of our future actions. The immortality within us then shakes its plumes, and, like an eagle, soars into the empyrean of which it shall be the future lord. The transition from the boy to the man, after this glow and enthusiasm, rapidly goes on, and ere the mantle of youth has been cast aside, new wants and wishes create new friends and new ties, and ere long, a pilgrim is found at the shrine of human bliss—love. The reign of courtship commences, and the coming man

"With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,
Lie at her feet, and on her slipper swear
That none were half so faultless, half so fair."

Hope, fed by fond desire, enthrals his senses, and the sweetest hours of his varied life are spent in the society of the gentle girl he clasps in his pure, warm embrace, and to whom he gives the kiss which makes the blood bubble to the temples from every vein and artery of the body. The first love-hours of a verity are joyous ones; for if there is one pleasure in this wide world greater than another, it is that of having a lovely head nestling in your bosom, while you look down upon the face turned up to yours, and smile as only fond lovers can. In such moments, a man feels himself to be superior to his ordinary, every-day tone of life, and unreservedly commits himself to the most generous impulses. His selfishness becomes active for good, and the poetry of his nature, withdrawing him from his sensual tendencies, renders him susceptible to the finest and loftiest of human emotions, and with his manly avowal of preference come those "touches of sweet harmony," which lend sweetness and dignity to young hopes, and keep them unstained until the bridal hour comes in all its bewildering intensity. Then,

"Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters—there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, and hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

* * *

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

About the commencemeet of the last century, was born, in the parish of Linkinhorne, Cornwall, Daniel Gumb, who was bred a stone-cutter, but who, from the singularity of his life, acquired the appellation of the Mountain Philosopher. In his early years he was remarkable for a great desire for reading, and for a degree of reserve which characterized studious habits. By close application during vacant hours, he acquired a fair amount of mathematical knowledge. Being adverse to the payment of rent, rates, and taxes, when they could be fairly avoided, he selected a retreat beyond the reach of landlords and aggressors. As his employment called him to hew blocks of granite or moorstone, and as he was not very particular about the luxuries of personal accommodation, he fixed upon a spot as congenial to his wants and wishes, to furnish him with a future abode. Discovering, on the southern side of the mountain called the Cheesewing, an enormous slab of granite, the upper surface of which was an inclined plane, it struck him that this might be made the roof of a habitation which would suit his purpose; being sufficiently secluded from the busy haunts of men to enable him to pursue his meditations and studies without interruption, while it was contiguous to the scene of his daily labor; and above all, as it promised him an exemption from rent and taxes. Fixed in his determination, Daniel excavated, with painful caution, the materials beneath his proposed roof, and supported its extremities with walls, cutting a small channel round its upper surface, near the edge, to receive the supplies of rain. A perforation through the mass served him for a chimney. Shelves were set up on supports of wood or iron, inserted in horizontal directions into the huge granite rocks, which encompassed the cavern, and a garden of small dimensions was inclosed and laid out in front. As soon as this singular mansion was completed, Daniel brought home a bride, who blessed him with a numerous progeny, all born and reared in this tenement. His house also served him as an observatory, whence he surveyed the motions of the heavenly bodies; carving a few diagrams on the rocks, calculated to display his attainments. "The Philosopher" was frequently visited by persons of information from the neighborhood, and his inquiries and remarks on such occasions evinced, it is said, very considerable acuteness and originality of thought. Death at length found out the retreat of Daniel Gumb, and lodged him in a cavern more narrow than that which he had excavated for himself.

* * *

CONFIDENCE THE BASIS OF LOVE.

Follow the holy power of Love through all its human phases, and we find it always typifying the attributes of the great original whence it sprang, and in all the walks and relations of life, under every variety of social condition and circumstances proving itself to be the link, the golden chain of an obligation to which all mankind pay loving homage. View it in relation to the various ties that bring back to earth the perfumed airs of antique Paradise, and what do we behold but husband and wife clinging to each other in fond confidence, parent to child, friend to friend, and, in all the manifold operations that surround us in dazzling splendor, man supporting man, and though apparently opposed, making up a common cause that cements the bond by which communities are held together, knits nation to nation, and in the great ultimate result demonstrates that with "one touch of nature the whole world is kin." Take the dearest engagement mankind enter into—marriage—what is that mutual sympathy, love and support which adds such a fragrance to the blossoms that hang on the tree of time, and proves

"The woman's cause is man's—they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free—"

but faith in one another, a calm, unruffled belief that "marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and sends out colonies and feeds the world, and obeys kings, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world?"

THE SUICIDE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Sick of life and all its woes ;
Longing for a deep repose ;
Tired of haunting doubts and fears,
Lonely days and long-drawn years ;
Faint from many a bleeding wound
That no loving care had bound ;
And from *unconfessed distress*
Ever gathering bitterness ;
Comfortless, unloved, forgot ;
Life's great yearnings answered not ;
Cheated, outraged, and undone,
Where could turn the hapless one ?
Blackness gathered o'er his head ;
And his onward pathway led
O'er a dark and tangled way,
With no hope of coming day.
Wretched one ; his heavy eyes
Could not pierce the clouded skies ;
Could not see beyond the gloom
Closing 'round him like a tomb ;
And in deep and dark despair,
With one wild and frantic prayer,
Stilled he in the wave his breath,
Proved the mystery of death.
Death ! *the very name* is sweet,
And it seemeth *strangely meet*,
To the heart distraught by grief,
There to hasten for relief.
Ye who *brighter paths* have trod,
Judge not—leave him with his God.

GLENN-WYTH LETTERS.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF JENNY BROWNE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Glenn Wyth, June 20th, 18—.

One evening last winter, Jenny, while we looked on quietly at Mrs. Manning's great party, and listened to some delicious music from the band, I told you that I was going to have a house of my own this summer, renting it somewhere and of somebody, and living in it at "my own sweet will," with only my two old friends, the coachman, John, and his wife Angeline, to keep me company. You pulled your bouquet to pieces, and laughed in my face.

"Another of your wild goose chases, Dorrie," you said sarcastically. "When will you learn to be like other folks, and enjoy your fortune as I or any other sensible woman would do?"

Fitz Henderson came for you to waltz just then. You tossed your bouquet into my lap, and whirled away, with a merry smile on your bright face, at my folly. But it did not discourage me, Jenny, because I knew I was in the right. It was all very well for you, who have become accustomed to the whirl of fashionable life, to waltz away with that fop, and laugh in your sleeve at my verdancy in thinking the country could be compared to the city of New York ; but I had a vision of a quiet and pleasant nook, where I might be my own mistress, and be in no danger of shocking any one with my oddities. The dream would not leave my heart. So while you were dashing off to Saratoga with Fitz Henderson's mother and sister, I was seeking to make it a reality. I have done so at last.

I heard of this place early in May, and sent John on to secure it at once. This will explain his mysterious disappearance, over which you grew so pathetic. I thought I wouldn't tell you just then.

Glenn-Wyth (I hope the name is romantic enough to suit you) is a pretty brown stone cottage, standing about two miles from the town of Newton. The "turnpike," as it is called, winds just below the hill on which it stands, but is almost hidden from view by the maple trees between. From the parlor windows you catch glimpses of people riding or walking along, appearing or disappearing, through the trees, in a mysterious kind of way that reminds one of fairy tales.

There are five rooms in the cottage. The front door opens from a pretty, but somewhat ruinous porch, into the parlor, or my "study," as I have christened it. This room is small and square, with walls and window-casings painted a dark green. My rose-colored curtains relieve the color wonderfully. At each of the two front windows is a large easy chair of crimson velvet (you have lounged in them many a time), between the windows hangs a mirror, with a handsome gilt frame, and my piano occupies the vacant space below. At the "end window" stands my writing desk and *peculiar* easy chair. A marble-topped table, covered with books and pictures, stands in the middle of the floor, a sofa in the opposite corner, and a book-case, in the form of a Grecian temple, presented to me by a certain Miss Jenny Browne. The statuettes and pictures you have seen so often in my room at home, are all here, and over my writing desk hangs my favorite portrait of John Milton at the age of twelve. I look at it more and more every day. Never shall I fall *really* in love, Jenny, till I meet a face like that—just such beautifully molded features, clothed with the same pure, earnest expression—just such large violet eyes, looking upward—just such rolling waves of beautiful golden hair! John Milton died long ago—no other face in these degenerate days can be half so beautiful—consequently I shall live and die an old maid! And yet I saw a face much like this once. The violet eyes, the oval cheeks, the graceful chin, and heavy golden hair—ah, but I must not think of that! It gives me the heart ache even now, and heart ache at Glenn-Wyth is not to be thought of! Let me go on with my house.

The dining-room lies back of the parlor, and is a plain, pleasant room, simply furnished with a round table, some chairs, a sideboard, and a picture of fruit, most beautifully executed. I wish I could have some of the peaches and grapes depicted there. But they never grew among these wild Green Mountains.

Now comes a wing built out on each side of the dining-room, which gives the cottage a very fanciful look. On the right hand side is the kitchen ; on the left, and overlooking a singing brook, are two small sleeping rooms, one of which is occupied by John and his wife Angeline, while in the other your humble servant dreams her golden dreams. So much for the in-door life.

Behind the house is a beautiful glen, from which the place takes its name, I suppose. Here the brook that sings beneath my window leaps down from the hills—here my black horse, "Blink Bonny," is pastured, and here I walk, morning, noon and evening, and sometimes nearly all day. I shoot here, too, and I don't hold the muzzle of my gun towards me, as you affirmed I would. To be sure I never kill anything—it is because I never try to. I have a mark in the shape of an Indian scalp, lock and all. It is some of John's handiwork. He goes out to look at it every day, and thinks himself a second Hiram Powers, I suppose. It is an excellent safety valve for my spirits. If I ever get rebellious or dejected, half an hour's banging away at "Tecumseh" is sure to set me up again. The fun of it is, the birds are so used to me and my weapon, that they sit around on the trees and fences all the time, and look gravely on, as if they were criticising every shot. Fancy being "sit upon" by a jury of robins and wrens!

The owner of Glenn-Wyth is of Welsh descent, as you have probably guessed. I have not seen him yet, but his name is written here and there over the walls, in a free, dashing hand I greatly admire, "Hugh Llewellyn Powis." "Powis," you know, is a great family name in Wales ; and John, who has an eye for "the quality," says he looks very much a gentleman. It seems he uses this little place during the summer months for a kind of refrigerator, but his home is everywhere and anywhere, like mine. He was here last year for three months. The walls of my sleeping-room are ornamented with some beautiful studies of dogs and horses, for which I have great veneration. They are the work of my landlord.

I know you will laugh now, but you need not. I'm not going to be romantic ; and unless he has the John Milton face, he might draw all the dogs and horses in the world without affecting me. Still I mean to get him to sketch my dog, "Linkum-Fidelius," and "Blink Bonny," if the two beauties will allow themselves to be drawn. The horse is a beauty, but "Linkum-Fidelius" is a rough-haired, ridiculous old terrier, kept by me because no one else thinks him worth the keeping, and because the foolish old fellow loves me like a child. Into the picture he shall go—I have determined on that!

It is growing late, and the fire-flies are fluttering round Glenn-Wyth like so many diamond sparks. I suppose you are dancing away at Saratoga, now, or sentimentalizing on the piazza with some moon-struck youth. And you will have to sit up till after twelve, or one? Oh, dear, the very idea makes me gape and nod, and so, Jenny, good night.
Dorothy Allen.

Glenn-Wyth, July 28th, 18—.

A funny thing happened to me this evening, Jenny. You must know that a small shed once stood directly back of the wings of this cottage, and was used as a kind of extra kitchen ; when the place came into the hands of Mr. Powis, he thought it less ornamental than useful, and tore one side away, leaving it open towards the glen and brook. John says he used to sit and smoke here of an evening. I honor his taste. It is the most beautiful "look off" in the house, and I have got a habit of coming here every evening as the sun is setting, lounging on the low threshold, and dreaming the pleasantest dreams. On the floor of rough boards, you can see the place where the kitchen stove once stood, and on the walls the marks of a broom and its handle, as if stamped with a hot iron. The neighbors here say that the first occupant of the house—an absent-minded old lady, I suppose—swept up some coals one day, hung up her broom, and came back to find it all of a "light low." The burning left a mark which will never be effaced while the old shed stands.

I have not been alone on this primitive piazza. A robin has had her nest on a little shelf at the corner, but the young birds have flown now, and she has followed them out into the world, while two new claimants almost usurped her place in my favor. "What now?" I think I hear you ask, with a smile. That smile will deepen into a laugh, Jenny, when I tell you they are squirrels. Yes, two squirrels, running about with their little active feet, and sharp, inquisitive noses, and bright black eyes. I feed them with my own hands every day. They have pie, cake, custard pudding, soft bread, fruit and corn. Squirrels never lived so luxuriously before, I think, and mine are getting so fat, and sleek and tame, that it does my heart good to look at them.

"Linkum-Fidelius" has been made to understand that this piazza is "tabooed" to him. I am afraid he would frighten my pretty pets with his wiry muzzle and his quick, sharp bark. So, every evening I send him out to air himself upon the green slope that leads down to the front yard, while I scatter my crumbs upon the piazza, call "Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," and sit down with my elbow resting on my knee, and my eye-glass at my eye, very careful not to speak or move, or rustle my dress. By and by I hear a sharp, sweet "chip-chip-chip" behind the boards that are piled up beside the shed ; a little brown head peeps out, another follows, and four black eyes consider me attentively from head to foot. Seeing that it is only their "familiar," they rush out undisturbed, and jump and frolic towards the shed. They come more cautiously as they come near, thinking, perhaps, I may make a grab at them. They snatch a morsel of cake, sit up on their hind feet, with their delicate little fore paws supporting their meal, and nibble away with a relish. Graceful little things! I sit mute as a mouse, and eye them with delight. No one intrudes upon me then, for at the first noise they utter a sharp "chip" of defiance, and are off like a flash.

To-night, though, as I sat watching them, I heard a step behind me. Away went my squirrels, and I turned round with sharp impatience.

"John, how often have I told you——"

The words died upon my lips as I looked up and saw a tall, dark, dignified looking gentleman standing beside me. I sprang up at once.

"I beg pardon for intruding," he said, with a slight foreign accent. "I could find no one in the house, and thought perhaps you might be in the glen. Miss Allen, I presume?"

"That is my name, sir."

"And mine is Hugh Powis."

My landlord! I had guessed as much already.

"Have I disturbed you?" he asked, with a quizzical smile.

"Not at all," I answered. (I told a great fib, for he did disturb me.) "I was only feeding some squirrels, and watching them."

He smiled ; his whole dark face lit up.

"They must be the same ones I used to feed, Miss Allen, when I was here last summer. I have often brought corn here since for them, and the little rogues remember it."

I led the way into my parlor and tried to entertain my visitor, as you would have done, Jenny. I don't know how I succeeded at first, but he seemed to be amused at my efforts, and gradually led me off the track by his conversation. "Blink Bonny" coming up from the glen with John, put her pretty head close by the window, and neighed. I ran out to give her some sugar—he followed me, and praised her beauty in terms that satisfied even me. He patted her shining neck, and she arched her head, and rubbed it against his hand as if she liked it. "Linkum Fidelius" saw the group, and came lumbering along in a heavy gallop, with his mouth wide open, to join us. I watched my landlord narrowly. If he had repulsed my dog, I should have shut the door of my heart upon him forever. To tell the truth, I am somewhat jealous about my poor "Link." I know he is rough and ragged and homely, but his very awkwardness is invested with a kind of grace by his tenderness and fidelity. There is a pathos about it that sometimes sends the tears to my eyes. He is so devoted—so anxious to please—poor fellow! that nobody shall laugh at or ill treat him while I live. It would be well for me if all my friends were as true as he is, Jenny.

What did Mr. Powis do? He looked a little amused as the great dog dashed in among us, and greeted me with a noisy bark of joy; but when the cold nose was thrust into his hand, and the bushy tail wagged against his coat, he stooped down and patted the faithful old favorite very kindly. He is good—I know he is good. And I could have shaken hands with him then and there, because of that thing.

He did not stay long—he has been gone more than an hour, and it is now only ten o'clock.

You will want to know how he looks. He is tall, slender, and somewhat dignified and stiff in his manner. His voice is low and musical, and imbued with a foreign accent that I like to hear. His face is very dark, his eyes and hair and moustache of the deepest black, and his teeth the whitest I have ever seen. When he smiles, (which is not very often), his whole face lights up, and his teeth shine beneath his moustache, as if they were laughing, too. I suppose you would call him handsome—I say he is simply good-looking. But a face more different from that of John Milton at the age of twelve, one can hardly imagine.

You spoke, in your last letter, of your engagement to Fitz Henderson. You mentioned it the last thing—I shall follow your example. You know as well as I, dear Jenny, that he is not worthy of you. I know he is very wealthy ; but that is all, and will that content you? It's ill advising you, I know ; yet I cannot help begging you to stop one moment, and think of the long, long life that is to be passed with him. He may do very well now, but how when trouble and sickness come? He has made you a good partner in the balls of the season, but I fear you would weary of him in the solemn march of life.

Ah, Jenny, don't be naughty—don't marry a man you can't love. You had far better come to Glenn-Wyth, and watch the squirrels with me. Ah, if you would but come. Write and tell me if you can give up Fitz Henderson and fashionable gayeties for a time, and come to this quiet place, to get a breath of fresh air with
Dorothy.

July 12th, 18—.

Angeline roused me out of a sound nap this hot afternoon, by bringing in your letter. I hate to be awakened suddenly. I was warm and tired and cross when I went to sleep, and I am "warmer, tired-er" (as children say), and very much crosser now. Oh, Jenny, you, of all others, to do what you have done! *You* to marry Fitz Henderson! But since the deed is really done, I will hold my peace. May you be happy.

You say, "I suppose you and your pale, dark cavalier spent the glorious Fourth in a most romantic fashion—firing crackers in the glen, waging merciless war with Tecumseh, and finally winding up the day by a moonlight stroll along the banks of that pretty brook." Now there you are mistaken. *I* "fired crackers in the glen," and "waged war with Tecumseh," but Linkum Fidelius was the only cavalier in attendance, and I did not see Mr. Powis all day. In the afternoon I rode Blink Bonny to Newton, heard an oration, and some music from the village band, and laughed in my sleeve at the evolutions of the "Floodwood militia," assisted by a troop of ragged boys, and a delegation of all the dogs in town. Then I came home, took my supper, and spent the evening on the moonlit portico. My dog slumbered by my side, and my heart went back a twelvemonth to our late Fourth of July (do you remember it?), spent among the highlands of the Hudson. I gave a sigh for you and those happy days, Jenny, little thinking you were taking upon yourself the duties of a wife at that moment. I should have sighed more deeply had I known *that*.

Then I went quietly around the house, to see that all was secure for the night, escorted Linkum Fidelius to his fleecy mat, went into my own little room, and closed the door behind me. My 4th of July had ended!

Having justified myself thus against the sweeping charge you brought against me, I can now correct an extraordinary mistake into which you have fallen. You spoke of the "beauty" of Mr. Powis. Why, Jenny, he is not handsome. I have seen him many times now, in open daylight, with the aid of my eyeglass. He is too dark, too silent, too stiff! Even you could never make a hero of him, if you tried your best. I could, however. There is nothing about his face that I admire very much, though his eyes are large and dark, and really very beautiful ; but there is that in his heart which I reverence and esteem, and very, very seldom find in a man—goodness and purity, Jenny. His honor is without a stain—his kindness is too well known by those who know him, to be spoken of. He always pets my horse and caresses my dog ; he is good to children, to animals, to birds, and even to insects. I have seen him turn aside to avoid crushing a bug or a worm, while walking with me, or to spare a busy ant hill. And the other day, in Newton, as I was watching a poor old woman trying to pick up the scanty store of fruit which had fallen from her market basket upon the dirty sidewalk, I saw *him* step up and help her—saw him carry the basket for her over the crossing, and slip some money in her hand as he left her. He, haughty and proud as he certainly is to his equals—he who has been sought on all sides for his wealth and position by eager mammas and their daughters—he who only gives a civil bow to his young lady acquaintances in the town—was as gallant and courteous to that old apple woman as if she had been the queen upon her throne! I like him for it!

And now, as he is coming up through the yard, I must put this writing aside, and welcome him as coldly as if I did not approve of him thoroughly. Yes, Jenny, laugh as you will. He *is* good and noble. If he only had the eyes and hair of John Milton, no one would be in greater danger than your friend,
Dorothy.

Glenn-Wyth, July 21st, 18—.

You are a malicious Jenny! No, I am *not* "jealous of the old apple woman," and I don't intend to "fall down in the gutter for the sake of letting Mr. Hugh Powis pick me up."

I have seen very little of him this week, though a beautiful bouquet, sent from his green-house every day, shows me that I am not forgotten. I have been doing penance for my sins, of late, by filling my little house with the young people of the village. We have had tea parties, and walks, and rides, and pic-nics in the glen till I am sick at heart. Mr. Powis came to one pic-nic, but the senseless chat of those around him seemed to annoy and weary him even more than it did me, and he went away early. I got only a moment's conversation with him alone, and know not when I shall have another, for I have a young lady staying with me now, a blonde miss, with light brown hair, a fair, fat, good-natured face, and China blue eyes. She is sentimental and somewhat affected, yet quite companionable. Her name is Rose Meadows, she is seventeen years old, is called very pretty, and believes the assertion most religiously. With her good looks and careful toilet, she quite throws me in the shade. I am always out of doors, consequently my hands and face are sometimes "berry brown," and my hair is always in a "wheed," as Angeline says ; while as for my toilet, don't mention it! I never wear anything better than a plain brown linen frock in the morning, and my garden hat of coarse straw, and my stout shoes would make you start aghast. Even Miss Rose can scarcely reconcile them with the ideas of propriety ; and when a frolicsome mood seizes me, and I spring upon Blink Bonny's back without any saddle, and go careering round the glen, she looks as if she was going to faint. But she has a romantic fancy for me, and I an odd sort of liking for her, so we never clash. Don't fear that she can ever fill your place, Jenny. No rose that ever bloomed could do that, you know.

Miss Meadows has a *penchant* for Mr. Powis. She calls the face of my Milton "sweet, pretty" (think of that), but says Mr. Powis is much handsomer in her eyes. As for me, I say nothing. Day by day I confess the charm of those straight, proud features, and those deep, dark eyes. But I only make the confession to myself and you, mind!

If this girl loves him, and can win him, what am I, that I should come between her and happiness? I am only a bird of passage—flying here and there, and everywhere—she is a tender, brooding dove—home-keeping and home-loving. She would make him a good and gentle wife, while I should plague the life out of him in a week.

I'll not be foolish any longer, Jenny? Some sweet and tender dreams I may have had of late, but they can never be more than dreams. I shall put myself out of the way of temptation at once. I shall give up Glenn-Wyth ; I shall leave the pretty place I love so well, and come back to you. There will be a pang at parting with the house, the glen—*with him*—but I can bear it. You say you are going to Europe next month ; you and Fitz, and a gay party of our friends, and you ask me to go too. I will. I will wander wherever you say, and you shall teach me how to be a mere woman of the world—grasping the joy of the present, and neither looking forward to the future nor glancing back to the past.

Only one stipulation I shall make. Blink-Bonny will remain here in careful hands, but Linkum Fidelius must go with me. I can't spare his faithful, honest face, and not one step shall I stir without him. Do you hear?

I shall speak to my landlord at once. Stay ; I will have John do it. That will be more business-like, and will spare me the pang of telling him how soon I must leave him. You say you shall start on the 25th of August. I have but very few preparations to make—expect me in New York about the 20th.
Dorothy.

July 22nd, 18—.

John executed his commission faithfully, and gave my landlord notice, to-day, that I intended to quit the premises at once. He came up here after tea, in a great hurry, to see what maggot had got into my head, I suppose. Linkum Fidelius gave a great bark, and went galloping down to meet him, as he unlatched the gate, so I knew who was coming, and was prepared. I watched Rose narrowly as he greeted her. She simpered and blushed a little, but I have seen her do that, scores of times, for others. He was in his sourest mood, and after one or two timid glances at him, she took herself off, evidently vexed and displeased with his behavior. I drew a long breath—it was evident she neither loved nor understood him, though she might fancy she did both.

When we were left alone, he turned to me with the grimmest of glances.

"You are going away?"

"Yes, Mr. Powis."

"What is the matter? Does not the house suit you? If there is any alteration you desire, name it, and it shall be attended to."

"The house is very well. I never would alter it, if I were you," I answered, listlessly.

"What is it, then, that does not suit you? I think I have heard you say you liked the scenery?"

"Oh, yes."

He made a movement of impatience at my unsatisfactory replies.

"Why can't you tell me what is the matter, Miss Allen? Have you had bad news? Are you lonely—homesick?"

"None of these things," I answered, forcing myself to look up in his face with a frank, unconcerned gaze, and to talk him. "I am going away because I long for a new place—new people—that is all."

He looked scornful.

"Are you so fickle, then? Can you not be contented when that which you love is before you?" he asked. "I thought I read a different nature in your face from that to which you now confess, Miss Allen."

No—I could *not* be content, when that which I loved was before me, in this way. It must be *mine* before it could yield me happiness. I said as much. He thought (as I intended he should) I was speaking of Glenn-Wyth.

"I have never thought I should dispose of this place," he said, after a moment's pause. "It reminds me of my native Wales, and I love it on that account. Still, if you really wish to possess it, and its possession will keep you among us, Miss Dorothy, I think you will not find my terms very hard. You shall have it, if you wish."

"No, no," I said, hurriedly, "I cannot buy it now. I am going to Europe next month, and may never come back again."

I was looking at him as I spoke, and saw plainly that he turned pale! Could it be that *he* loved *me?*

"To Europe!"

"Yes. Will you not wish me 'Bon voyage?' "

"When do you leave here?"

"Very soon. To-morrow or the next day, I think."

He came and sat down beside me.

"And so this is to be the end of our pleasant intercourse, Dorrie. Has it been pleasant to you?"

"Very pleasant, Mr. Powis." I could hardly trust myself to speak to him just then.

"And to me," he sighed. "If any one had told me how much you would brighten my lonely life, Dorrie, I should never have believed it. Will you give me something to remember you by, when you are far away? I should like that rose in your hair."

"Take it, Mr. Powis."

I leaned towards him. His trembling hand, unfastening the rose, touched my hot cheek, and made me start. He put it away within his vest, and I felt, though he did not say it, that he would never let it go, in life.

"I have one favor to ask you," I said.

"Name it."

"My dog will accompany me, and I have made all necessary arrangements for the comfort of Blink Bonny. But there are humbler pensioners, for which I cannot care. Will you supply my place?"

"You mean your squirrels?"

"Yes."

"Every day, while I am here, I will come up and feed them, Dorrie. When I am gone, my servant, Tom, who will do anything on earth if it is only *my* desire, will attend to them faithfully. Your little pets shall never be neglected. Whatever Dorrie has loved and cared for, it shall be my interest to cherish still."

His look and tone melted me. He seemed so sad and hopeless—there was so much of pain in his proud dark face, that it made my heart ache. A bright tear fell from my eyes upon his hand.

He was much moved. He drew me close to him and kissed me.

"Dorrie," he said, gently, "you leave the care of your pets to me, now you are going away, and I accept it. If I were a younger man, I should ask a dearer trust. I should ask for *you*."

I did not answer.

"But I am many years older than you. You are only seventeen, and I am thirty-nine. You are gay and light-hearted and happy—I am silent and sad. I would not shadow your early years with my gloom, dear child, and so I have the strength to let you go forever—knowing as I do that some one more worthy of you will surely love you soon."

"Are you sad at leaving me?" I asked, looking up in his face.

"Dorrie, my child, my dear little ewe-lamb, it is like taking the heart out of my bosom to give you up."

"Then why do you do it?"

"Dorrie—take care. Don't mock me."

"I never will."

He would not be convinced, even yet.

"I shall be an old man while you are yet in the bloom of womanhood.—You will repent then."

"Never—never," I murmured.

"Are you sure you love me enough? I shall be a most exacting husband.—I must have all your heart—all your tenderness—all your passion."

"And you shall."

He drew me close to his heart and kissed me again and again. Tears—not my own—were on my face. I think my whole life can give but one such hour.

Did I say I would give him up, Jenny? I take it all back. I will go to Europe with you at the time agreed upon—but I have another stipulation to make. Hugh, as well as Linkum Fidelius, must go with us. We are to be married next week, and Rose Meadows is to be our bridesmaid. She has quite forgotten her fancy for Mr. Powis, and is flirting desperately with a college student just now.

You ask "how about John Milton's picture now?" It still hangs in my parlor, and is my choicest treasure. I have not yet "struck my flag," and only like black hair and eyes—*for Hugh!*

We shall be with you in a few days after you receive this letter. Next year you shall visit Glenn-Wyth with us—you and Fitz. For the present, good-bye. I sign myself, for the last time to you,
Dorothy Allen.

DRESS AND AMERICAN WOMEN.

It is a remark so common as to have become trite, that an American woman knows not how to dress ; and that even when she copies her attire from that of her French neighbors, she fails to combine the items she has selected into a graceful and becoming whole. This declaration is, perhaps, a little too sweeping, but there is much truth in it. One reason why American women present in their attire less invidiuality and grace of style than many of their French sisters, may be, that they are very often only timid servile imitators, without that self-reliance which is necessary to adopt or improve the ideas of others. Had American women more vanity, they would assuredly be better dressers. Had they more confidence in their own taste, they would dare innovations which they now dread. They would accept the prevailing mode only when it suited their own style—adapt, or even reject it altogether, when opposed to that idiosyncrasy. This is what Frenchwomen do invariably. Why should not dress be canvassed on higher grounds than have yet been taken for it? Why should not it be treated as a branch—an humble one, let it be granted—but still a branch of the fine arts? There are people who might consider an elegant woman as much an ornament to a room as a passable picture, or a tolerable statue ; or, at any rate, as attractive as a Sevres vase, a Dresden shepherdess, or a miracle piece of carpet-work. But a mere walking life-size fashion print can never take such rank. We honestly believe, that were dress studied as an art, and a few leading principles established, it would occupy less time, and be a less trouble to our countrywomen than it is at present ; since nothing is surely more tiresome than the present system of purbind imitation, following one pattern to the letter so far as we can perceive it, while the guiding spirit which would make all the rest lucid, too often escapes us.

PEASANT MARRIAGES IN HUNGARY.

Baron Palocsay's castle never presented a more curious aspect than every year in autumn, which, in the highlands, is the general wedding season with the peasant, who rarely enters into this auspicious state until after the harvest, when his most pressing labors are over. At that season the baron used to assemble in his hall all peasant girls from sixteen to twenty years old, and all the lads from twenty-two to twenty-six, belonging to his manor, which had a Slovak population. He had them ranged opposite to one another, sorted them pair by pair, and said :—"Thou, Jancsi, (John) art precisely fit for Maresa, (Mary); and thou, Andras, (Andrew) for Hancsa, (Anne)," and so on. The couples thus designated went to the chapel, where the chaplain announced their marriages, which, after a fortnight, were performed, and every one of the newly married received a cow and many other accomodations for their establishment. When, however, one of the lads objected to the choice made for his benefit, and mentioned his disinclination for Hancsa, and his preference for Ilya, (Ellen), the baron would reply that he did not believe it, and obliged the lad, as a proof of his love, to endure twenty-five lashes. If he underwent this trial he was free to choose for himself.

Love and Grammar.—An "interesting scene" recently occurred in one of our Public Schools. In a lesson in parsing, the sentence, "Man courting in capacity of bliss," &c., the word *courting* came to a young miss to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed, and held down her head. "Ellen, don't you know what courting agrees with?" "Ye—ye—yes, ma'am." "Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?" Blushing still more, and stammering, Ellen at last said, "It agrees with all the girls, ma'am!"

Ill-Breeding.—Ill-breeding is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which has no complaisance for any other person ; the effect of a proud and whimsical humor which soars above all the rules of civility ; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behavior.

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TOO FAST.

Our Yankee portion of the human race are getting on too much steam. If the old ages were too slow, ours is becoming too fast. The men who built the pyramids were patient and thoughtful, and after thirty centuries their monuments survive; but what upheaved temple or column of ours will stand a thousand, or an hundred years? We are too impatient in all that we seek to accomplish. Our zeal to get at the end—the *finis*—is such that we sacrifice substance for show; our castles, of all sorts, when the storming batteries beat on them, crumble to the dust. The granite is a shell instead of a solid rock. Display is consulted, and not endurance.

Ours is the fastest nation, and ours are the fastest people on earth. The Republic was scarcely nursed at its birth—a Revolution hastily rocked its cradle, and ever after it spurned swaddling clothes. In the real stamina of manhood it started full grown, without infancy—as we pray it may exist without dotage. Since its cradling, its strides have been electric and colossal. In a century it has stretched the pattern of Empires a thousand years. It is all over a continent, and threatens soon to be all over a hemisphere and a considerable way beyond—among the Islands. It has run by every competitor on the seas. It has beat every example in growing and importing population. It has built the fastest ships, curried the fastest steeds, and developed the fastest "humans." Leading all, waiting for none, the word Fast should be written on its front, and made a national motto.

It is well to be fast, if we are not *too* fast. We have little fancy for plodding nations or people. Holland would not be our model—nor China. We prefer quicker, hotter blood, provided it doesn't reach the "boil over" We would have an active, rather than a restless nation; a steadily energetic, rather than an impulsive, spasmodic people. We have small faith in speed that is not based on bottom; such will "fizzle" and fail in the middle of the race. We must carry weight to run or ride to the largest triumph. Our fast nations and men plunge into error and disaster, involving ruin or retreat, and often apology, mortification and shame. Both should see their track clear before they start, know their distance, and, striving with a high and earnest purpose, allow a little margin of time. Too great haste begets too little consideration—the proverb has it, "haste makes waste."

So it does. No matter how "manifest," our destiny cannot be precipitated with safety. If we shake the tree—of conquest or annexation—too soon, the fruit falls green and withers. We must be careful and see that the springs are ready and the grapes ripe, before we touch them. Deliberation is as necessary to nations as to individuals, and is often the salvation of both. We are too fast—too fast! If lightning could be saddled, an American would scorn steam for a steed. If he could be shot through a tube across a river, he would abandon ferry-boats—as it is, he leaps frightful spaces after them, though death stares him in the face. He can't wait—not that he is crowded or has anything special to do, but because he must "go it with a rush." It has become his characteristic—his second nature. He eats, drinks, sports, works and moves as though he felt the monition of a powder explosion at his heels. His life is fevered and frittered out with haste. His existence is a stampede, himself the real game, and he runs himself down in the shortest possible time. He is always *going* to retire on his fortune and enjoy himself rationally, but death is generally too fast for him—he can't find, or rather can't spare time to live. Study his face—read impatience, and care, and unrest written all over it and plowed in deep.

Poor man! he must mend his ways, or the worse will come to him. He must respect the integrity of body, mind and soul, or his life will be an evil, a burthen and a lie. Let us be neither too slow nor too fast; the medium is our true speed. The only thing, almost, in which Americans are not becoming too fast, is Americanism. The more and faster they cultivate that, the better We mean the sturdy Americanism of the fathers. And we do not care—except favorably—how fast they are in setting all mankind the highest examples in every good work and way. To be fast in this direction is safe and noble—would to God the whole world's heart beat lightning-quick with every fraternal and generous sentiment.

AMERICANS AND ENGLISH.

Probably there is no impression more false than one that prevails with some among us, to wit: that the American and English people are hostile towards each other—hostile on the score of experiences and memories connected with the struggle that separated the two. No considerable ill-feeling exists between the masses of these great peoples. What little does exist is confined chiefly to our side of the Atlantic, in pot-houses, where it serves for political clap-trap and the Congreve-rocket touches in Fourth of July orations. Nor is there any good reason for ill-feeling; on the contrary, there is every reason for amity and good-fellowship. George the Third and his controlling advisers were our foes, or rather the foes of our fathers, and they were not less the enemies of England's weal, and the outragers of the sentiments of many of England's noblest souls, who, like the better class of Englishmen now, were with us in heart and word during the revolutionary storm.

England is, indeed, our competitor in the paths of commerce, art, manufacture, conquest and glory,—a generally fair, open-handed rival; and we should be proud of the fact that our ancestral race are not so degenerate as to eschew competition with their descendants—albeit the fatherland is beaten in the race. We should feel proud that we can beat our own blood, by virtue of our freedom and youth; and all the prouder because that blood is yet warm and brave, and worthy of our strife. To perpetually go back to an old war to rake up feud, is unworthy of the American character; and to be constantly thrusting it forward, as a reason for antagonism, is absurd. There is not a people on earth that might not by such a process—only go back far enough—get up a feud with their ancestry, or with some portion of "the rest of mankind."

Any American who has passed much time in England, has found that there is only a warm, good feeling toward us among the English people, who have long since sunk the war question. Indeed, the mass of them only know of it as an historical fact, for it was a smaller affair with them than with us. It was our sole and great struggle, but England was fighting half the world, and the "Revolution" was, therefore, feebly impressed on the memory of her people—though deeply on ours. It is a subject scarcely ever called up in England in the presence of an American, and never appealed to angrily. Besides, we should remember that the Crown, rather than the people, evoked the war—under the tax of which the masses of Britain suffer bitter bondage to this day.

There is much constituting England's glory in which we have a matchless interest; much in which she prides, of which we must ever be proud. Her Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon,—shall we be the enemy without cause of the land that gave birth to these, and that bequeathes their deathless thoughts and names to us in our own language, and to all the world in the language of immortality? No!—these great nations, kindred in tongue, ideas, literature—aye, and in blood, must be fraternal. Thus can they give freedom and glory to all the world. Let us be rid of narrow feelings in this matter. The mind of England respects the American mind, and we respond. The greatness of either reflects lustre upon both. Let us banish all thoughts of that old tyrant, George the Third, and of the Revolution—save that it gave birth to the Republic, and made us a great nation instead of a petty colony.

FASHION.

Fashion is a strange master—a whimsical tyrant. It prefers variety to comfort, and novelty to convenience. It will have any sort of change in preference to a monotony of good taste. It scorns prudential philosophy, and laughs at economical hints. It cannot be said that *it* has nothing to wear. It is inexorable to its idolators, and exacts to the last frill and flounce. Why is it? Is it because the mass who wear and worship are blind of better judgment, or incontinent of real taste? Do the public, of man or womankind, demand a continual metamorphosis? Nay! Among the many there is much sober sense—they would prefer more than a harlequinade in costume and manners. In the empire of fashion, the leaders—high-priests and oracles—are few; but their influence, how potent! To their maskings and genuflexions the multitude imitatively succumb.

Well, the caprices of fashion are not without good. They cause the employment of myriad brains and hands. They exercise a vast and varied invention. The bob-tail overcoats of one season *might* stand in lieu of the elongatees of the succeeding; but then, wool growers and weavers and tailors would be left idle. Invention and industry would languish. A fashion that stretches a man's skirts, until he looks less like a "tip-up," and more like a Russ in his full petticoats, is of infinite service to trade and labor. True, elongations are not always sources of comfort or profit to the wearer, but what cares fashion for that? She issues her edicts for the benefit of producers, as well as consumers.

The proverb has it—"One may as well be out of the world as out of fashion." Yet we should think better of fashion, if it employed more home labor and home-made stuffs, and went abroad less for styles. But why find fault with fashion? It is now mainly what it ever was, only not so tyrannical as sometimes, nor so whimsical as often before. The belles and beaux of "Queen Bess's" day beat ours in extravagance, quite out of sight. Their "hoops" and "ruffs" were an absurdily beyond our daring, and their wigs, and queues, and castellated head-gear—only fancy them afloat now. Fashion rages alike everywhere, among all people—even Quakers—except, perchance, sundry tropicals, luxuriating *in puris naturalibus*. The Hottentot is not without his costumal caprices, nor the Fejee, nor the Pawnee. Mrs. "Bosjieman" wears the hugest of "bustles" in her earth-coop at the Cape—Mrs. Esquimaux sports a "petti" arrangement, that in circumference beats the utmost measure of our hoops. There are inventors *des modes* in all lands, among all races; and it is a fact that "humans" love variety in costume. Nature is not a little their exemplar; she must have her four *season*-able suits a year, and presents herself often under aspects as strange and inexplicable as human fashion.

THE PANIC.

The panic in financial circles has been so severe and long-continued that its effects will probably be operative and visible for many months to come. And, on the whole, we think it has done, is doing, and will continue to do, much good. It has brought many people, of both sexes, who had become partially insane on the subject of personal and household expenditures, once more to their senses. It has checked the extravagant and demoralizing outlay of *other people's cash* for high-living, useless finery, and costly jewelry. We say "other people's cash," because the man or woman who buys on credit, without *knowing exactly where and when the money is coming to pay the bill*, is recklessly jeopardizing the property of others.

Kindness.—How much misery may be abated, how much suffering may be removed, by the simple tone and expression of the human voice! Upon the heart that is lone and desolate, that feels itself, as it were, shut out of the world, wrapped up in gloomy imaginings, how sweetly falls the voice of sympathy and consolation! Why is it, then, since everything proves, and none are ignorant of the fact—that all must lie down in mother earth together, since all are travelers in this highway to death—why is it, that each should be so sparing of that which costs him nothing, but which might raise the drooping spirits of his neighbor, and cheer him on his journey—a few kind words and kindly looks?

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LADY DOCTORS.

I have been called to an account by a friend whom I both love and respect, for an article in "Fresh Leaves" on "Lady Doctors." My friend charges me in this article with a want of sympathy for this class, and with throwing obstacles in the way of their success. It appears to me that he has not rightly read it; and lest others may labor under the same misapprehension, I will take this occasion to repeat, *what I there said*, "that I do rejoice for various reasons, that this class are succeeding in obtaining a foothold in the community;" nor do I think this is inconsistent with the playful expression of my individual preference for a male physician, which I still most adhesively cling to.

I am certainly as indignant as my censor could be, at the alleged unmanly, cowardly treatment, some medical ladies have lately received at the hands of the male students in a Philadelphia hospital, who committed indecencies during the lectures, for the purpose of forcing these ladies to leave. There are jealous, mean, base men to be found in all professions and employments, ready to browbeat and frighten those women who presume to earn an honest and honorable subsistence in the same path as themselves. It is not alone women who aspire to the medical profession, who have suffered such wrong. Literary women have and do suffer it every day. Some of the most savage and vindictive personal attacks upon myself, have come from men (?) whose articles have been rejected at hands which have solicited and generously remunerated mine. That is nothing new. What I would say is this: that these lady students suffered themselvas to be frightened from their purpose by such cowardly assailants, seems to me the strongest proof that they lacked the very nerve and courage to which they laid claim, to qualify them for their profession. If God has so constituted woman that she shrinks in dismay from these her pioneer troubles, and makes at the outset a hasty retreat, let her not attempt to force her way with a dissecting knife. If, on the contrary, strong in her womanly purity (as these insulted women were), she can calmly and bravely ignore such disgraceful libels upon manhood, and with her eye on the goal—how distant soever—disregard the mud-bespattered path through which she must pass to reach it—if, above all, the flesh be equal to the spirit, in God's name let her earn and receive her diploma.

"If"—aye, there's the rub, I think—and of course my opinion will go only for what it is worth on this subject;—I think—and I won't fib for anybody—that there are *physical* impediments in the way of a woman's practice of medicine, which are insurmountable. I believe it is conceded that a female doctor must of necessity forego the blessed names of wife and mother. Poor thing! but let that pass. Suppose she weds a mortar and pestle—suppose she be a single woman—I can't see that this changes her sex, or exempts her from its ails and aches, which, when under the influence of, I will persist, render her unfit, by their effects upon the nervous system, to cope successfully and continuously with responsible medical emergencies; and this is true of "healthy women," so called, who, by the way, are as scarce as angels' visits.

Granted she has the knowledge; how can she, at such feminine physical disadvantages, reduce that knowledge to instantaneous practice, when the quivering sufferer's groans and shrieks would appal the stoutest heart? and this—not for once, not for twice in a life-time (which suffices to make a heroine of a woman), but daily, monthly, yearly; breakfastless, dinnerless, supperless, if need be, and her bill disputed at that.

Then is her diploma to assure her a safe passport in her *night visits*, through lonely, deserted streets? Can she exchange, night after night, if necessary, a warm bed for a cold stable, and the possible tackling of a refractory horse to a gig, at a moment's nocturnal notice (please give me credit for supposing her practice sufficiently remunerative for this luxury). Will her India-rubbers always be in the right place? or her shawl? Will her lancets, and forceps, and nippers and things, be in *harrowing* order? Will her boot-lacings be free from knots at this critical moment, and will her petticoat-strings stand the strain? Heaven help her, what will she do with all that rebellious, tangled mass of hair? and where's her rainy-night bonnet? If I get my ears boxed for it, I must ask these questions.

One argument for Lady Doctors is, that women feel a delicacy about consulting with a male physician upon their states of body Fudge—I don't believe in such delicacy. I take it for granted that your doctor is a gentleman, and that you are not a fool; those points satisfactorily settled, you may say whatever you like to him, and the less you mince your words, the more belief he will have in your "delicacy," if he knows anything. No, I do not believe in Lady Doctors, though I am heartily glad, for their energetic sakes, that there are those who can, and do. The amount of it is, that when *I* am sick, petting is as necessary for me as physicking, and female petting does not suit my complaint!

Fanny Fern.

SHOOT, BUT LEARN!

Young man in the country, who are to go a-squirreling, and have resolved to take this issue of the Ledger with you into the woods, along with dog and gun, we write this especially for you! Read it carefully before you go, if it shall have then met your eye. But, if too much in a hurry, reserve it till you have found your first resting-place, on prostrate oak or mossy stone, and then read and ponder its lesson well. It is a lesson in Zoology, and yet it is not merely designed to teach the habits of the little animal of which we are about to speak—the squirrel.

There is an exclamation, which has come down to us in classic story, from one who said to his assailants, "Strike, but *hear!*" To you we would say, "Shoot, but *learn*." Learn to be active—ay, heroically active!—to spring from one duty to another, when *necessity* bids you, in life, as it does the squirrel, from tree to tree!

But see how carefully the squirrel treasures away the brown nuts in his hiding-place. Winter is coming. He knows—he feels that it is; and he is resolved to be prepared. Are *you* prepared for the winter of adversity, or of old age? Shoot, but *learn!*

But a storm is brewing. See how the squirrel on the fence hurries home! He does not stupidly and stolidly wait till the storm arrives. He takes warning in time, and so he will escape all mishaps, unless you shoot him as he runs. Well, shoot if you will, but *learn!* Learn to take forethought—to anticipate dangers and difficulties, and so to be prepared for the worst, if the worst *must* come!

Shoot, but learn!

MANNERS.

There is but one true, invulnerable aristocracy, and that has its foundation in good manners and sound morals, coupled with intelligence. Indeed, where manners and morals are right, the intelligence is never wanting. The best conditions of birth and wealth are fortuitous—depending for their continuance upon chances; but good manners and sound morals can be swept away by no accident or misfortune, being self-sustaining and imperishable. Abundant, and almost perpetual instances, prove that the best and noblest of men may spring from the lowest temporal ranks, and that riches, and titles, and honors may be acquired by men of obscurest origin. What is it, then, that can, and may properly, distinguish men in our regard, and lift one above another, on the principle of aristocracy? Why, simply this superiority of manners and morals. Just so far as men excel in this direction, they are better and nobler than their fellows. They are an aristocracy; refusing, in the very nature of things, to mix or assimilate with inferior conditions—just as oil refuses to mix with water. The very highest enlightenment is marked by these signs, and while no ill-mannered, bad-moraled person can be a gentleman, the real foremost gentleman in all the world is he whose manners and morals are best. These are the base, arch, and cap-stone of the highest order of man.

Taking our position as granted, we sadly fear for our country's future. To the observing there is no other feature in our national character so marked as our tendency to trifle with, and trample on, manners and morals. This is particularly true of the younger classes—of our children and youth. Reverence and modesty have little to do with them. They are far enough from the example of their fathers, and are growing worse day by day. It is a novelty now-a-days to see a girl or a boy make obeisance to age, or in any way treat it with marked respect. Not so were their fathers and mothers taught—not so did they behave. The ill-manners of the young are become a reproach to the age in which we live—they are a blot, a shame. If the school-master is abroad, he has sadly neglected to teach his pupils what is of the utmost consequence to them and to society—good manners and morals! Better school them more in these, even at the sacrafice of algebra and logic. Here alone is where our age is falling off and backward, and in no direction could a fall be more fatal. Let us see to it that we do not plunge down beyond recovery.

TAX-RIDDEN

One of two things is certain—either our city is the most expensive in the world to govern, or it is the worst governed. Less than eight years ago it cost but three millions a year; now, the tax levy is over eight millions. This is nearly the cost of our Federal Government under the first administrations, and far more than the cost of any State government in the Union. Our tax list nearly trebled in eight years! What this ratio would bring us to in fifty years is astonishing to think of. Yet we are constantly electing *retrenchers* and *reformers*. Our city government is become a spoil for office-seekers, who see nothing and care for nothing but the purse which they hope to grasp by becoming Aldermen, Councilmen, and heads or tails of departments.

The contract system, intended to secure the greatest advantages to the city, is so arranged as to facilitate plunder. Public property and offices that ought, by leases, rents and fees, to almost or quite free us from tax, bring us comparatively nothing. Street-cleaning, which in some European cities pays its own way, costs us—wretchedly done—half a million. New Orleans, not a quarter as populous as our city, realizes a quarter of a million from her markets; New York realizes less than $100,000, and ought to realize half a million. As much more ought to come from the use of our streets by omnibusses and railways. Our wharfage brings but a fraction of its real rental value

And thus we are plunging downward in a slough that must eventually bring violent revolution or ruin—that is, if the class who bear this weight of tax will not awaken and wrest the rule of our city from the hands of robbers. There is an ample majority of those who desire good government, but they will not bend to the brief task of securing such a government. Therefore they and we all must suffer to the bitter end. Verily, we are a tax-ridden and long-forbearing people

A GOOD NAME.

The wise man tells us that a good name is better than great riches. The truth of this is plainly inferrible from the consideration that, when it is once gone, no amount of money will buy it back. No person, however wealthy, can safely dispense with a good name. But, if not the rich, how much less the poor. To these it is their all. To be stript of it, is to be ruined in social and business life alike.

There is no way in which we may so readily come to an appreciation of our own good name, as to consider how important character is in others with whom we have to do. If we need professional services, we prefer a lawyer or a physician of good character. So with even our servants. Humble as they are, we cannot dispense with its safeguards even in them. But how transcendantly important is the good name of him or her whom we desire to use as a confident. Then we realize that such a quality is indispensable—a *sine qua non*.

With these considerations before them, how can gossips deal lightly with the good name of their neighbors? We can conceive how envy and malice might furnish sufficient motive for the tongue or pen of the slanderer. But for the sufficiency of motive to the mere gossiper it is hard to account, especially for people who have had the advantages of education, or experience, and are themselves possessed of a good name.

In the whole field of scandal, from the most malicious to the most thoughtless gossip, there is nothing but meanness and folly combined—meanness and folly of the most despicable and pitiable kind! The hearts of all good men and good women shrink from the very *thought* of it with pain and disgust, as they remember the golden rule, and think of the inestimable value of a good name!

FAST HORSES AND "MATCHED TEAMS."

There has never before been such a "sacrificing" of fast horses and matched teams as during the last month. The reckless extravagance of many families having been checked by lack of cash and credit, their "establishments" have collapsed and shriveled up like a toadstool under the blaze of the noonday sun. Hence the glutting of the markets with choice horses, costly carriages, pampered dogs, and other signs of inflated upstartism. When there is no bread in his cupboard, a man cannot afford to supply his horses' manger with oats, or his daughter's pet dog with sweetmeats. People who have heretofore neglected the useful lesson will now, if ever, learn it, namely, to *live within their means*. That is the true secret both of individual and national prosperity.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

What is called prudence may be carried too far. Prudence should no more be prominently noticeable in a man than prudery in a woman. When the "rainy day" *comes* for which over-cautious niggards have been long providing, fortune often delights to take them by the head and shoulders and thrust them into the middle of the shower. An instance of over-caution and over-preparation is given by Washington Irving in his story of the worthy Dutchman, who, having to leap a ditch, went back three miles that he might have a good run at it, and found himself so completely winded when he arrived at it again, that he had to sit down on the wrong side to recover his breath. All, however, must admire the prudence and caution of the banker's clerk, who, in giving evidence on a trial for forgery, said: "When I do hold the check this way, it do look like the hand-writing of Malachi Hudson, but when I do hold it that way, it's not at all like Malachi's signature, so that, upon the whole, I should say it's about middling."

Prosperity is a severe test. The human heart is like a feather-bed—it must be roughly handled and well shaken to prevent its becoming hard and knotty. With prosperity comes the withering discovery that opulence is not happiness, for the shadows around us are darkest when the sun of our fortune is brightest. Very often, too, we are only the more ridiculous, as well as unhappy, for being tossed in fortune's blanket, and having our heads turned, by being thus elevated above those of our fellows. It matters little to be worth money if we are worth nothing else.

It must be confessed that the publisher, when, by constant puffing, he spreads and diffuses the leaves of his favorite book, and purifies the bad humors of the critical world, has before him the example of nature, who, by a similar process, unfolds the vegetable leaves and disperses the foulness and ill-humors of the atmosphere. Even should the amiable encomiast undesignedly bring a grist to his own mill, surely he is not more culpable than the proprietor of a windmill, who confessedly lives by puffs and yet pursues his avocation without impeachment.

Proselytism is not always to the advantage of the proselyte or of the world. A traveler, who had resided some time in Southern Africa, being asked whether the Europeans had been successful in civilizing the natives, replied—"So much so, that I have known hundreds of negroes, who thought no more of lying, drinking, and swearing, than the Europeans themselves."

There is a provincialism of mind as well as of accent—a nationality of States and counties. Manners make the man, and localities tend to make the manners. The character of a whole people may be homogeneous, though compounded of many opposite ingredients, as spirit and water, sugar and lemon, are necessary to the integrity of punch.

A man was indicted as a pickpocket. The indictment set forth that he took money from a gentleman's right pocket. The suit was dismissed upon proof that he had taken it from the *left*. Undoubtedly the law is entitled to be called "the perfection of wisdom," if only for its making such a nice distinction between a man's pockets.

Many an adventurer starts a periodical, without capital, to support, as he says, his wife and children. He might almost as well adopt the plan of the Englishman, who advertized to kill himself on a certain day at Covent Garden for the benefit of his family—tickets twenty-five cents, children half price.

Beautiful was the reply of Allan Cunningham to Chantrey, who offered him a place, whenever he should need it, in his own mausoleum. "No, no, I'll not be built over when I'm dead. I'll lie where the wind shall blow and the daisy grow upon my grave."

Public opinion is a stream which digs its own bed. We may occasionally moderate or quicken its course, but it is very difficult to alter it. And yet it sometimes alters and even reverses its own course—one can scarcely tell why or wherefore.

People have a great deal to say about ugly faces. We know an unfortunate fellow, who is afraid to travel, for, when he does, he gets whipped upon an average a dozen times a day by persons who erroneously fancy that he is making mouths at them.

It is said of God's people that they are like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like gold that is purer for the furnace; like incense that becomes more fragrant from burning; like the camomile that grows faster for being trampled on.

Almost every week a number of newspapers are discontinued in different parts of the country. We fear the reason is, that the proprietors, like a cat chasing her tail, cannot quite make the two ends meet.

"I am a real working man," said a loafer in our streets. "Well, I should think," retorted a gentleman, "that a fellow with so much beer in him must necessarily be working seven days in the week."

Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and, in the burden and heat of the day, make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature.

"You are always making a *butt* of me," said a chap in not the soberest mood. "You are always making one of yourself," was the reply.

"**Dear** pa, what relation to you is the little baby that was left on the steps of our door?" "He is my *step*-son, child."

"I **have** gone into the silk business," said a man to his neighbor. "So I supposed, as I saw you reeling all day yesterday."

"I **am** all heart," said a military officer to his comrades. "Pity you're not part pluck," said his superior in command.

"**Father**, have guns got legs?" "No." "How do they kick then?" "With their breeches, my son."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A young man name Grierson, who lived near Lake George, being very fond of serpents, kept quite a variety of them, among which was a rattlesnake that he was in the habit of handling to show his power over such reptiles. While displaying his prowess, a short time since, the rattlesnake struck its fangs into his cheek, just beneath his right eye, and in six hours the unfortunate young man was a corpse

A couple of flatboatmen, named Houston and Dongan, while on their way down the Mississippi, lately got into a fight on board their boat, and mutilated each other horribly Houston's left eye was gouged out, his under jaw broken, and his body dreadfully bruised; Dongan's nose was partially bitten off, his under lip severed, three of his ribs broken, and both of his eyes so badly injured, it is thought he will lose the sight of them.

A girl named Jane Fletcher, who was recently deserted by a young man who had brought her to the city under promise of marriage, dressed herself in men's attire, followed her faithless lover to the corner of Thompson and Bleecker streets, and there made a furious attack upon him with a dirk knife. After wounding him severely she was arrested, and her sex and history were discovered.

As a number of children were playing at "soldiers," near De Kalb and Fulton avenues, in Brooklyn, a few days since, a couple of little boys got into a quarrel, and commenced thrusting at each other with wooden swords. While thus engaged, one of them, unfortunately, stuck his sword into the other's eye, and, it is feared, injured it fatally.

An old man named Hargrave, living near Bound Brook, New Jersey, went out to milk his cows, a few mornings since, and, not returning, his daughter went to look for him. She found him lying dead by the side of his overturned pail, with his skull fractured. It is supposed that one of the cows had kicked and killed him.

A merchant in this city who has kept eighteen servants six horses, and lived at the rate of eighty thousand dollars a year, has recently come down to one servant, no horses and three thousand dollars a year, and says he has not taken so much comfort before since he was a poor boy and earned only fourteen dollars a month.

Mrs. Sterling, of Lamar, Texas, was recently thrown from her horse, and her habit catching on the horn of the saddle, she was dragged nearly a mile before being rescued. When taken up she was senseless, and her left shoulder was dislocated.

An attempt is to be made to recover the million and a half of dollars that went down in the Central America, although she is sunk in water over five-eighths of a mile deep, and in a spot that is ninety miles distant from the nearest land.

A train on the North Missouri railroad ran over a horse and wagon, and a boy twelve years of age, a short time since, at Lowell, in that State. The wagon was smashed in pieces, the horse killed, and the boy cut in two.

Mary Bascomb, a little girl of seven years, was run over a few days since, by a butcher's cart, near Union Square, and so seriously injured that she died in a few hours.

THE BOUQUET'S COMPLIMENTS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

To thee, the pure, the bright, the good,
We come, a gentle sisterhood,
From many a sweet and lovely spot,
From wood and dell and fairy grot,
With dews from nature's diamond mine
To worship at thy beauty's shrine,
And hail thee in this simple lay
Our own enchanting Queen of May.

In our far homes by wood and dell
We often heard thy lovers tell
With gesture wild and frenzied start,
How very beautiful thou art:
They called thee sweeter, brighter far,
Than sweetest flower or brightest star;
They said that language could not speak
The beauty of thy lip and cheek;
They said the music of thy words
Was richer than the voice of birds;
And we have come without a sigh
To see thee, hear thee, and to die.

And it is true, dear Queen of May,
All that we heard thy lovers say:
Our red rose when with dews it drips
Is not so red as thy red lips;
Our violet's bluer than the sky,
But not so blue as thy blue eye;
Our jasmine's breath, though deemed divine,
Is not so sweet, fair one, as thine;
The loveliest stars we used to see
Are dim and cold, compared to thee;
And there's no bird, in field or grove,
Can match thy gentle tones of love.

And now, dear Queen, accept, we pray,
The homage we have come to pay;
Our life, we know, is very brief,
But yet in joy, and not in grief,
Our lids will close if we may glow
Awhile upon thy bosom's snow,
Or die—O, loveliest of girls!
In the warm sunshine of thy curls.

◆

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A NEW WITNESS.

In a few days Bion had got his business so arranged that he could leave the ship under the charge of his second mate, and then he and his father, with Jack Wallace in company started for Cayuga County. They had a pleasant trip, and arrived safe and sound. Bion stood like one entranced before his beloved when he first met her. She had received a letter from him two days before, and was expecting him. She had not made an effort to look beautiful—only to look happy and joyous, and to give such welcome as the noble youth deserved, had been her aim. She wore a robe of pure white, and her hair, which had grown to a dark, lustrous brown, hung in long curls over her neck and shoulders, while about her brow she wore a wreath of flowers. Bion loved the sweet flowers, and whenever he had been at the lakeside during their bloom, he had been in the habit of wreathing them into a crown for Cora to wear.

She met him now alone, and the meeting was one of purest joy and bliss. The beautiful girl rested her head upon her lover's shoulder, and while the warm tears trembled upon her long, dark lashes, she said:

"Oh! it is a blessed season, Bion, when you return."

"If it is blessed to you, dearest, what must it be to me?" returned our hero. "Ah! you can hardly realize the pure joy I feel thus to meet you, after so many months spent upon the trackless deep! Oh! you are a precious being, Cora! You are a pure and noble girl!"

"Don't flatter me, Bion."

"Yet I will speak the truth."

"And yet you have made me what I am."

"No, no, Cora. Oh, say not so. I made you? No. God made you. I found you a pure bud of promise from His almighty hand, and you have only blossomed after your own nature."

"I won't dispute you, Bion; but you don't know what pleasure I take in feeling that you have been my guide and my guardian, and that to you I owe a lifetime of gratitude and love!"

"Well, well, dearest,—any feeling, or impression, or belief, which leads you to love me more, I shall surely cherish."

"But you wrote me that a near and dear friend was coming with you, Bion. Has he come?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Who is he?"

"I want you to see if you do not recognize him."

"But I will take off this tiara of flowers first."

"No, no, Cora. Oh—don't remove those. They cannot add to your beauty, but they do hold beauty in themselves. Come."

Gideon Huntley arose from his seat as his son entered, and when his eyes rested upon the beautiful maiden he gave a start, and a flush came to his face. A deathly palor succeeded, and covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

Cora sprang forward, and passed one of her soft, white arms about his neck, and in an eager, heart-sent tone, she cried—

"Father—what is it? Look up."

"*Father!*" uttered the man, looking up into the beautiful face that bent over him.

"*Bion's father!*" she said, brushing back the dark, silver-sprinkled hair from his brow. "Bion's father, and mine to love. You will love me as you love Bion?"

Bion himself was for the moment torn and bewildered by conflicting emotions. The manner of Cora's instinctive reception of his father sent a thrill of deepest joy and gratitude to his soul, while the quickness and assurance of her recognition equally surprised and puzzled him. As for Jack and his good mother, they were confident that she had been informed of the character of the new guest.

Gideon Huntley wound his arms about the light form, and in broken accents murmured—

"Love you?—oh, how could I help it! God grant that your love for me may last while I live!"

As soon as the parent had become calm, he turned to Cora, and said in a low, tremulous tone:

"You wonder at my strange behavior, but you will not when I tell you what causes it. Years ago I met a beautiful maiden, and upon her brow she wore a tiara of flowers. It was thus I first saw her, and thus I first loved her. She looked as you look. When my heart first opened to receive her image, she appeared to me so near like the presence I beheld in yourself, that for the instant I saw my fondly loved wife alive before me! I cannot explain it. It was a strange phantasy. But surely the feeling came over me that the spirit of my angel wife stood in my presence. Had I been before a congregation of a thousand people I should have done just as I did. I had no power to help it."

Bion now noticed what he had never noticed before. He could see that Cora did strongly resemble the picture of his mother. She had the same full forehead; the same arching brows; the same large, lustrous eyes; and the same pure, loving, gentle tone pervaded the whole face.

"But," he said, "how did you know my father so readily?"

"Why—how should I?" returned the maiden: "Have I not seen your picture of him a hundred times? And, more still, I think my love would have found him out."

Gideon Huntley had grown to resemble the likeness more than Bion was aware of. The change from a worn and wasted sufferer to a strong and healthy man had been so gradual as to be imperceptible in its work upon the face. The deep bronze had given way to a natural purity of color, and the various features had become full and perfect. He had grown young again, and was still a handsome man.

As Bion examined the picture in the locket now, and compared it with the face of his father, he was not surprised that Cora had recognized him.

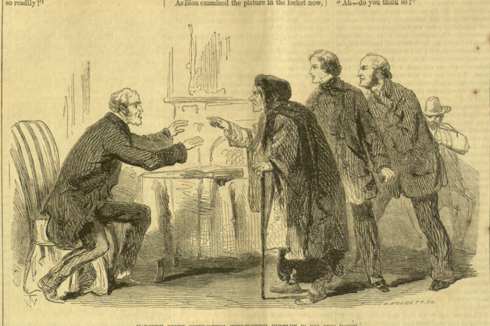
It was a happy party at the widow's cot. Cora listened to Bion's story with an absorbing interest; and when he had told her all—when he had told all they had learned in the great city from the mother of the dead boy, from the old sexton, and from Doctor Sommerton—she placed her arms about his neck, and murmured:

"I am glad you will gain your fortune, Bion—oh, very glad!"

"Why, Cora?"

"Because you will not leave me again."

"Ah—do you think so?"



MARGERY GRUTT CONFRONTING CHRISTOPHER HUNTLEY IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

"Oh—I know it!" the loving girl cried, winding her arms more tightly about his neck. "You would not leave me when there was no need of it. I know you would not."

"Well, well—perhaps I shall not. But see: now that I am likely to become rich, oughtn't I to have a rich wife?"

"Yes, Bion,—and you shall have one. Oh! I will bring you such a mine of love, that a lifetime shall not even use up its interest."

"Blessed Cora! you speak the truth; and in doing so you give words to my own feelings."

Gideon Huntley told Bion he must not be jealous, for he meant to make very free with Cora's companionship. In fact, from the moment on which he met her at their first interview, his heart had gone forth to her with a love as pure and warm as ever parent felt for a cherished child. And she, too, loved the father of her affianced. She loved him because he looked like Bion; and she loved him because he was good; and she loved him, too, because she could not help it. They played chess together; and they wandered about over the hills and vales together; and if there was one thing about which they conversed more than another, when they were alone, it was about Bion.

One evening, while the party were all in the little sitting-room, some one knocked at the front door. Bion sat nearest, and he arose to answer the summons. As he opened the door he found an old woman standing upon the piazza. Her form was bent, and she leaned heavily upon her stout staff.

"Does Mrs. Wallace live here?" she asked, in a low, hoarse tone.

"She does," answered Bion.

"Has she a son called Jack?"

"Yes."

"And is there a girl here named Cora?"

Our hero hesitated. What could this old woman want with Cora? As the thought passed through his mind it was followed by another, which caused him to start with a sudden emotion. It was Margery Grutt!

"Yes," he finally answered, "there is a Cora Page here."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes. Come in."

"But I am poor and ragged, sir."

"Never mind that, Aunty. Come in. I guess we can find room for you."

"Eh! What! It isn't! It can't be! Me leetle boy—me darlin' Bion!"

"Yes. I am Bion; so come in."

Margery hobbled into the hall, and from thence she followed the youth into the sitting-room. As the light struck her coarse, wrinkled face Cora started from her chair and caught her by the hand.

"Aunty!" she cried, with real pleasure. "Why, Aunty, where did you come from?"

Bion saw that Margery was sinking back, and he placed a chair for her; and as she sank into it she uttered:—

"It can't be! Marcy sakes alive, it isn't! It's a sperret, it is! It aint me leetle darlin' Cora!"

"Yes, it is, Aunty. I am Cora—the same Cora whom you brought up from a mere infant, and who ran away from you at last."

"And ye know I never blamed ye for it, me darlin'. But it aint! It can't be me own Cora! Why—is it so long? Have ye grow'd so much?"

"Ah, Aunty; it's almost eight years since I left you. Time flies swiftly."

"So it does; so it does!"

By this time the others of the party had discovered who the visitor was, and they were introduced to her. But when Bion's father was presented she outdid herself in utterances of astonishmsnt and disbelief. However, she finally realised the truth; and then Bion had to tell the whole story of his father's captivity and rescue.

"And now," said the youth, "tell us where you have been."

"Well," returned the old woman, "I don't want to put you out; but I am very faint. I have not tasted food since early morning."

Cora begged her pardon for the negligence they had manifested, and immediately took Margery out into the kitchen, where she set before her nice food, and plenty of it.

And yet the poor woman looked up with an earnest, imploring gaze.

"Aunty," whispered the maiden, "you want a little spirit?"

"O—blessed child," cried the woman, "I have not abused that thing for many a long and weary year. Give me a little if you have it, for I am worn all down!"

Cora brought out a decanter containing some of the best of gin—some which had been a long time in the house—and Margery grasped the glass as a dying man might grasp a life-potion. The draught revived her, and gave her a better appetite; and she ate with a zest which did the maiden good.

After this they returned to the sitting-room, and then Margery told her story:—

"When you was took from me," she said, turning to Cora, "I couldn't stay in the old home no more; so I give it up and went forth after a new place. I didn't blame ye, me darlin'. I told the capt'in of the ship to tell Bion so."

"I heard from you, Aunty."

"Well, well,—arter ye was gone I give up the old place and went off. I had some money. I had five hundred dollars and a leetle more. I went to Bostin, where I had a friend livin'—one I had known in the time agone. I went there and lived five years. I didn't spend any of the five hundred dollars, but put it in a bank, and earned my livin' by washin' and ironin'. By'm by a man as lived in our house awhile, and then went off, come back and wanted to hire my money. He said he would pay me a—'*bonis*'—he called it——"

"*Bonus*," suggested Bion.

"Yes—that's it. He said he'd give me a bonus of thirty dollars, and reg'lar interest over. He took me out and showed me a house he owned, and told me he'd give me a mortgage on that. I thought that was safe, so I let him have the money. He paid me thirty dollars down, and then went off. When I know'd that he had cleared out entirely, and nobody didn't know where he was, I took my mortgage and went down to the office where they keep an account of such things—I forgit the name."

"The Register of Deeds," said Bion.

"That's it. I went there and found 'at they didn't know anything about any sich mortgage as I had. Then I went to the house 'at the man said he owned, and he didn't own it a bit! I was cheated out of my money entirely. When I finally knowed for sartin 'at it was gone past gittin' I raved and tore like one crazy. Then I sot down and cried like a baby. And arter this I began to reason on it. That money I had saved from what I'd been paid to take charge of you two children. It wa'n't fairly arn't, and it was took from me. By'm by I came to believe that God had took it from me on purpose; and arter that I didn't complain no more.

"I staid in Bostin a year more, and then I resolved to set out and try to find Cora. When I thought God had punished me by takin' away my money, I felt that I must do all I could to make amends for the wrong I had helped to do. I remembered how good and kind Bion and Cora had always been, and I wanted to set 'em right if I could. I felt sartin 'at Bion had took Cora off to live with Jack Wallace's mother; and I knew that that were somewhere about here, 'cause when Bion first came home I heard him say something about Cayuga county. So this way I come. I've been a year on the road. But I've found ye at last; and now I can do all I can do. I can't do no more."

"Surely, Aunty," said Bion, "you have had a hard time. But you shan't suffer any more. You shall have a home while I am able to find you one."

"You, Bion? You that I helped to wrong? You find me a home?"

"Yes, Aunty. And I'll tell you why. But first tell me the secret I have so often wished to know. Of course I know very near all that I want to know; but yet I would like to hear from your own lips an account of your business with my uncle. Will you not tell me now?"

"In course I'll tell ye, me leetle darlin'," returned Margery, drawing her chair nearer to the youth. "One dark evenin' a lawyer, with a face like a rotten and dried pertater, come to my house an' asked me if I'd take charge of a nice boy five years old. He said I should be paid well. I told him I would; for ye must understand 'at I wasn't very perticklar in them times. We agreed what he should pay me, and then he told me that the boy wasn't his. Howsumever, a few days arterwards, yer uncle, Christopher Huntley, came to my house with you, and there he left ye. He made me promise that I would bring ye up so't you shouldn't know yer own name, nor nothin' about yer own family anyway. He wanted yer first name changed, but I told him I wouldn't try that. I was to make ye believe that ye was a poor orphan, and that yer folks had been poor, too.

"The first night ye was in my house, Bion, ye won my love. I had put ye to bed, and afore I went I thought I'd look at ye. I went to yer room and found ye asleep. Yer leetle hands was clasped over yer heart, and yer cheek was wet with tears. I heard ye say somethin'. I listened.—'MY MOTHER!'—That was what ye said; and it touched me heart. At any rate, I never spoke a cross word to ye. But I found one trouble. Ye had a picture of yer father and mother. I know'd that them pictures would keep your parents alive in your mind—yer mother 'specially; and yet I couldn't bear to take 'em away. Ye know it all now."

Bion thanked her kindly and then remarked:—

"I don't see, Aunty, how you got into such business. Had you been an ugly, evil-minded woman, I shouldn't have wondered; but you were always kind; and I never saw anything much out of the way in your life. How was it?"

"*It was this face!*" uttered the old woman, raising her trembling hand to her rough, repulsive features. "This face did it! Nobody would trust this face. It stuck to me, and I couldn't hide it. If I tried to find honest work—if I asked for honest employment—they looked at my face, and said, *No!* By'm by a woman told me if I took a house she would fix me an advertisement for the papers that would help me. So she wrote to say that children would be taken and boarded, and taught anything their friends wanted them taught. And somethin' else was said, but I forget what. Howsumever—my notice was answered, and I found business.——Aye—it was my face, Bion—my face! I would have been honest if folks would have let me. And let me say one more thing.—I don't say it by way of excuse, but because it's true:—One of the inducements I had to take ye was, that I knew I should be good to ye. I knew yer uncle was bound to git rid of ye, and I knew I should treat ye better'n anybody else would."

"You treated me well, Aunty; I cannot deny it. But tell me, are you willing to go before Christopher Huntley, and swear to all you have told me?"

"Yes, Bion, I am. I am sorry for my past life, and I know there can be no wrongin doin' that."

"And now, Aunty," said Cora, "you must tell me what you know of me."

"Ah, me dear, I can't tell you so much, for I don't know so much. I only know that a man—a young man—named Joseph Greenwood fetched ye to me, and hired me to take and own ye. I followed him up a good many times, but I could not find out much about him. His friends had been warned not to speak to me, and other folks didn't know him. I believe you are his sister, and 'at yer father is livin'. At any rate, I have pertended to know so before him, and it frightened him. But if we go to New York I'll find him for ye. We may find out somethin'."

"Then you know where he is?"

"I know where he was."

"Oh! if I could find my father!"

Bion stole his arm about Cora's neck, and promised that he would search the city all over. Said he,—

"If your father lives in New York, with Margery's assistance I know we shall find him. So cheer up, dearest. Oh! it is very bright and promising now. God grant that the time may come when not a prayer shall remain unanswered.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE RACE IS RUN.

Christopher Huntley was in the large parlor of his own house. It was early evening, and he was alone. He paced to and fro with his hands clasped before him, and his head bowed. His step was slow and faltering, and his face very pale.

"Alone! alone!" he murmured to himself. "And so ends my first race of wedded life. It cannot be a retribution for that evil thing I did. No, no. Had God meant such a thing, he would have visited His vengeance upon me—not upon them—not upon my wife and children. But why should I repine? I am rich, and I must start again. There are hundreds of maidens who would be glad to take my hand and fortune. By my soul, I must marry again, and that, too, at once. Ha! who comes now?"

"A man at the door would see you, sir," said a servant.

"Who is it?"

"The same who was here this day week, sir."

"Ah—yes. Show him in."

It was Barrabas Lattimore who entered. He had grown older and more ugly; and he now hid his face when in the street, for he knew people would be frightened at the sight of it.

"Well, Lattimore, what have you learned? Has his ship come in?"

"Yes, sir. It came in over a month ago. I think it was the day after your wife died."

"And where is—*he*?"

"I don't know, sir. He has a place in the country somewhere that he visits. I know he goes by the canal."

"Well, now tell me, do you think he is on my track? Do you think he mistrusts anything?"

The attorney hesitated.

"Come, come—speak out!"

"Well, I do think so."

"Ha! I thought so! But what have you learned?"

"The most I have heard came from Captain Alexander Puffer, the one with whom the boy made his second trip."

"I know him well. But what has he said?"

"He has said that there was a man in this city who should tremble when Captain Bernard saw fit to open his character to the gaze of his fellows. It was a wealthy man, he said, and one who was suspected."

"Aha! That's it, is it?" uttered Huntley, with his lips tightly compressed, and his hands clenched.

He paced to and fro across the apartment several times, and when he stopped, there was a look of demoniac meaning upon his face.

"Barrabas Lattimore," he whispered, "twice have I attempted to rid myself of that incubus. *The third time shall not fail!* Bring me the intelligence that he is dead, with some good proof of the same—bring it to me within a week—and I will pay you five thousand dollars!"

"Five thousand?"

"Aye."

"It shall be done, sir!"

"Enough. But mark—you must spot him the moment he arrives in the city."

"He shall be looked to."

"That's enough. Leave me now. I am not in a mood for talking."

"By heavens!" the merchant said to himself, as soon as he was alone, "I have commenced this work, and it shall be carried through! Oh! why didn't I put my foot upon the worm at first! When I carried him to Margery Grutt's, I might just as well have carried him to his grave! But they swore that they could make him forget everything. And yet I might have known better. He was too bright a child for that!—Who in the name of decency is coming now?"

The door opened, and a servant looked in.

"No, no—I'm not in."

"But there are two men, sir——"

"I don't care. I can't see them!"

The servant withdrew, but in a few moments he returned.

"How now?" cried Huntley, angrily. "Isn't my order sufficient for you?"

"But the men say they *must* see you, sir!"

"No! I will *not* see them!"

The serving-man retired again; but the door had hardly been closed ere it was opened with a decided movement, and two men strode into the apartment.

"How now, sirs?" cried the merchant, with a flashing eye, and with his hands clenched.

"You must pardon us, sir," said Bion, very calmly, at the same time taking a seat near the door; "but our business was of such a character that we could not postpone it. Perhaps you do not recognize me."

"I neither recognize you, nor do I wish to know you, sir. The door is close by you. I trust you will not put me to the disagreeable necessity of calling my servants to *show* you out!"

"Not until we have *stated* our business," returned our hero, with an almost pitying look. "If you do not recognize me, sir, I will help you. For some seventeen years I have been called—BION BERNARD!"

With a smothered cry Christopher Huntley started up from his seat; but in a second more he sank back, pale and trembling. It was a moment of terrible trial for him; but with a mighty effort—an effort that seemed to deprive him of breath—he managed to quell the nervous quaking, and command his voice.

"Ah—Bernard—Bion Bernard?" he uttered, in a hoarse, unnatural tone. "Ah, yes—I remember the name. I think there was a boy of that name sailed in a ship in which I had an interest. Were you the boy, sir?"

"Yes, sir. I am the person," returned Bion, in a low, deep tone, at the same time bending a look upon the worn sinner that made him quail. "Your memory is quite good. But don't you remember something prior to that? Don't you remember when I sailed in the ship Aldebaran?"

"No, sir—I can't say that I do; though I remember of having heard some one tell of some of your adventures in the ship you have named. I think you were cast away in her."

"Yes, sir, I was. But don't you remember when I first went on board that ship?"

"I have answered that question once, sir!"

"Ah—excuse me. I did not know but that you might remember better upon second thought."

"Beware, sir!" hissed the wicked man, assuming a show of anger as the only means of hiding the terror that had come upon him. "You seem to mean an insult. You are either out of your senses, or else you have mistaken your man. If you have business, will you present it at once, as I would be alone."

"Ah, Christopher Huntley, you will never be alone again!" pronounced Bion, in a deep, solemn tone. "You have a dark companion in your own bosom that will never leave you!"

The merchant clasped his hands upon his knees to hide the sudden palsey that had seized his frame. The flush which had a moment before been upon his face was gone, and he tried to shrink away from the gaze that was directed towards him.

"But," continued the youth, "let me ask you another question: Do you not remember when I found a home at the place which I left when I first went on board the Aldebaran? Can't you call it to mind?"

"I—I—must admit, sir, that—you—are very—clear and direct in your questions, sir. Really—a—they are—very edifying to me, sir."

"I suppose they must be, sir. But tell me: Don't you remember good old MARGERY GRUTT?"

Christopher Huntley had been expecting this, and he was as well prepared for it as he could be; and the manner in which he answered the question plainly signified that he felt confident that the youth knew no more—that he could not go beyond that period—that back of his living with Margery he had no knowledge or memory.

"Margery—what did you say her name was, sir?"

"*Grutt*," answered Bion.

"Grutt? No. I can't say that I ever heard the name. But, really—this is becoming insufferable. What, in the name of common sense, have I to do with all this?"

"One moment, sir: If you do not remember Margery Grutt, perhaps you may remember a man who came to see me before I went to sea. BARRABAS LATTIMORE, his name was, sir."

Christopher Huntley lost his equilibrium for a moment.

"You may *try* to puzzle me with questions which are all Greek to me, sir; but you surely cannot expect answers to them."

"Then you know of no such man?"

"I do not, sir."

"Then I must ask you another question, sir. Do you remember a Mrs. Bowler—Mrs. Josephine Bowler? She kept a boarding-house in Pearl street, I think."

The merchant grasped the arms of his chair for support.

"Or," proceeded Bion, with the utmost coolness, "if you do not remember her, do you remember a doctor, named Henry Sommerton? Or do you remember two black girls named Lida and Lizzy? Or—do you remember a Mrs. Louisa Gambold, who kept a very large and fashionable boarding-house in Church street? Or, if you don't remember her, you may remember a dying woman, named Belinda Huntley, and her little son, named Bion. And, sir—might I call to your mind a poor woman named Mary Duncan, who goes out and plants flowers upon a little grave which bears a foul falsehood upon the marble slab at its head! Say, sir!—tell me, Christopher Huntley—if you can remember all this? Tell me! Tell me! Can you remember the little frozen corpse you buried in winter, and how a poor woman stood hidden from the crowd and wept? Tell me! Tell me!"

But he could not tell then. For a while he sat like one who had been stabbed to the heart! His face was deathly pale; his hands clasped upon the arms of his chair; his eyes glaring; his teeth set; and his frame quivering as though with the ague. However—he had a game to play—he had commenced it—and he only waited until he could call back his frightened senses. Finally he looked up and met the piercing gaze of the young man. There was one more struggle, as of one who has calculated to the death, and then he spoke:

"I don't know, sir, what you aim at—whether you have mistaken your man; or whether you mean to insult me; or, what is full as natural, whether you are an escaped lunatic."

"Christopher Huntley, do you want further proof? Am I not your nephew? Were you not the only brother of my father? When my mother died were you not appointed my guardian? And did you not rob me of my birth-right? Did you not rob me of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"No! no!—never!" shrieked the terror-stricken man, starting from his chair and bringing his hands vehemently together. "No!—I did not!"

"You did not?"

"Fool! How could I? My nephew died, and was buried! Do you think to make such a stupendous piece of imposition work?"

"Christopher Huntley, are you still determined to face it boldly out? Will you not give up to me the fortune you wrested from me?"

"Out upon thee, knave!" the merchant hissed. He was wrought up to that pitch of agony now that held him above faltering. "If you think to rob me thus you will fail!"

Bion arose and threw open the door. The merchant looked out into the hall, and saw a crowd of people there. The first who came in was Jack Wallace.

Christopher Huntley had sunk back into his seat, and the expression which finally settled upon his face seemed to imply that he meant to hear all that was to be heard ere he spoke again.

"Wallace," said Bion, standing upon one side, and near the centre of the apartment, "what do you know of me?"

"Why, sir," returned the old sailor, "I know that nine years ago I led ye from the house of Margery Grutt, and took ye aboard the Aldebaran. I have been with ye ever since. We haven't separated over four-and-twenty hours during the whole time. I can swear to that!"

"Very well. We'll ask another."

As Bion thus spoke Margery Grutt entered the apartment. An audible groan escaped from the merchant.

"Margery, what do you know of me?"

"Why—I know that sixteen years ago last winter Mr. Christopher Huntley fetched ye to my house and hired me to take ye. He hired me to bring ye up as though ye was my own. He said yer true name was *Bion Huntley*—or, at any rate, that ye'd always gone by that name—but I was to make ye think yer name was *Bernard*; that yer parents was poor, and both died long afore. In fact, I was to bring ye up so't ye'd never know who or what ye was. I can swear to all that!"

"Oh! What an accursed lie!" howled the merchant.

But Bion noticed him not, save to keep an eye upon his movements.

"I'll ask again."

At this Mary Duncan entered the room.

"What do you know of Bion Huntley?" our hero asked.

"I know that sixteen years ago last winter a man named Barrabas Lattimore came to see my sick boy. The boy died, and Christopher Huntley bought the body. I saw that body placed in a coffin—or I saw it in the coffin—with the name of Bion Huntley upon the lid. And I saw it buried in that manner; and the coffin, with the mouldering bones of my own boy in it, now lies beneath the stone which bears your name, sir. I can swear to this, sir!"

"I'll ask again."

Henry Sommerton came in, and he testified to all he knew.

"I was called to attend the nephew of Christopher Huntley—his name was Bion. I found him sick from the effects of an emetic powder which had been administered by his uncle. For a certain sum of money I kept the boy sick a few days. Then I saw two negro girls carried away by force, and while they were gone the boy was taken away. I knew he was to be removed, and then announced as dead, and for a certain other sum I gave the uncle a false certificate, setting forth that Bion Huntley, aged four years and ten months, had died, while under my treatment, of inflammation of the bowels. I can swear to all that!"

"And now," pronounced the youth, "I have but one more to call. All others who know of the matter are tools of your own, sir." Then turning to the man who had accompanied him in, and who had been sitting with his face shaded, he added, in a solemn tone,—

"My dear friend, what do you know of Bion Huntley?"

The man arose, and a tremor shook his frame. It was some moments before he could control his emotions sufficiently for speech; but he did it at length.

"I knew Bion Huntley one-and-twenty years ago last spring. When he had grown to a prattling child, and could laugh and play, and tell his wants, I went away to sea. Business called me to a distant clime. I settled up my business, and sailed. In the Chinese Sea our ship was taken by pirates, and robbed and wrecked, and I was carried away and sold into bondage. The people at home heard of the finding of the wreck of the ship, and I was supposed to be dead! But years passed——"

"Great God of Heaven!" at this point burst from Christopher Huntley's lips. He had started to his feet, and taken a step forward. His frame shook like an aspen, and his eyes seemed ready to start from his head in terror and astoundment. "Gideon—my brother? No! It is a foul plot! A plot got up to ruin me!"

"Christopher," spoke the returned man, in a low, calm tone, in which sternness was blended with pain and pity, "surely you will not deny your brother. Look at me. Oh, my brother, look. Do you not remember the bright hours of our childhood—when we played together about our mother's knee? Do you not remember the many seasons of pain and uneasiness you have caused your friends by your waywardness and unloving treatment? Christopher, had I no child upon whom to bestow my love and care, I might let you run your race of evil; but it cannot be now. Yet you can do better. You can be a better man. Restore to me my due, and I will not tell your crime. These people will not expose you, for thereby they would only expose themselves. Say, my brother—has this ill-gotten wealth made you happy?"

For some time the stricken man had gazed into the speaker's face with a look of intense eagerness; but now his head was bowed, and his face covered with his hands. He remained so for a full minute, and then he started up from his chair, and strode across the apartment; and as he came back he approached his brother, and placed both hands upon his shoulders. Thus he gazed into Gideon's face awhile, and then, as his bodily power seemed suddenly to forsake him, he sank back upon a sofa, and covered his face again.

"The last blow has come!" he groaned, in a trembling, agonized tone. "I might have prevented all this! *That grave might have contained the boy 'twas made for!* and the son would not have found the father!"

"Merciful heavens!" cried Gideon, in accents of pain and astonishment. "Christopher Huntley, do you, even now, with all this great load of guilt upon your shoulders, wish that you had a still darker crime upon your soul?"

The merchant started as though something had been overheard which he had not meant for other ears than his own. He cast a half frightened glance up into his brother's face, and then whispered,—

"Leave me now! Oh! go and leave me! If you feel as you profess to feel, let me be alone! I am—I— But never mind. Leave me. Leave me now!"

"But I must first know something of what you mean to do," returned Gideon, sternly. "I must know what *I* have to do. You see just how the matter stands. I would not rob you of your all, even to gain back my full due; but I must know something. It depends altogether upon what you are willing to do how I move."

"For God's sake, leave me!" gasped the agonized man, starting again across the floor. "I cannot talk now. You have the law on your— No! no!—not that!—Not now—not now! Oh! in mercy's name, leave me! I am mad! mad as the very demon of remorse! Go!—go—go! *Will* you go?"

Gideon saw that his brother was raving, and he turned and spoke with his son. They were willing to go, but they were not willing to leave the wicked man at liberty to make his escape, for they had learned that he contemplated leaving the country.

"Christopher," spoke the returned wanderer, after the consultation with his son, "we are perfectly willing to leave you now; but this is a business— O, there is no need of your raving now, for my course is settled upon. Listen one moment, for you must hear me. Are you prepared to make restitution?"

"Yes—yes."

"And you will not try to escape me?"

"No—no."

"Then when may I see you again?"

"You shall hear from me to-morrow, if I can know where you stop."

"We are stopping at the Astor House."

"Then you shall hear from me there."

With this the father and son turned from the apartment, and in a few moments Christopher Huntley was left alone. He started from his seat and paced the apartment for some minutes with quick, nervous strides. His whole frame quivered, and his features were wrought upon by the most intense emotion. Finally he stopped, and seemed to gaze upon some phantom in the space before him.

"The race is run!" he uttered, in a hoarse, unnatural whisper, "Oh, my God! and what a race it has been! I gained money! I became rich! I gained a house.—And where am I now? Children gone—wife gone—for years without peace or joy! Followed by a horrid fear-phantom wherever I went!—terror starting up at every step!—in the power of villains! Oh, what a life! And now Gideon come back!—Perdition seize the fate that clings to me! What have I to live for? I started for a race—a race of life, to end only with that life! I've lost—been losing ever since I commenced! Always—always, night and day, those accursed words have been sounding in my ears:—'As you keep your faith with your dying sister, so may God do unto you!'"

He pressed his hands hard upon his brow, and groaned aloud.

"What have I to live for? Where—where on all the earth is there one solitary soul to love me? Not one!—oh, my God, not one!"

He groaned again, and his frame quivered. His legs seemed growing feeble, and he tottered to a seat, where he remained a long while, in deep thought. When he arose he went to the extension-room, in the rear of the parlors, where his books and papers were. The gas was lighted, and he sat down at his desk. His first movement was to write the following note:

> "Barrabas Lattimore.—You need take no further steps for me. Our business arrangements are at an end. You will understand this when you hear from me next.
>
> "Christopher Huntley."

This he folded, sealed, and superscribed, and then wrote another. After this he rang his bell, and his man-servant made his appearance. The merchant was very calm and collected, and seemed more himself than he had before appeared since the death of his wife.

"Here, Harvey," he said, handing him the note for Lattimore first, "you will leave that at the first penny-post you come across. There is one near, isn't there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then leave it, and pay the postage. Then you will take this one and carry to Mr. Danton's. He keeps the large drug store about half-a-dozen blocks lower down on Broadway. He will give you something to bring back. Be careful and see Danton himself."

The man took the two notes and withdrew, and then Christopher Huntley turned again to his desk, and wrote long and rapidly. There was a strange nervousness in his manner, and a startling intensity was in his gaze as he cast his eyes about him when engaged in thought.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A NEW FRIEND. AN APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH!

On the morning following Bion's visit to his uncle, he and his father, with Cora and Jack Wallace, sat in their private parlor at their hotel. They had eaten breakfast, and were discussing the manner in which they should spend the day. Three trusty men—members of the old ship's crew, had been sent to watch the movements of Christopher, so there was no apprehension on that score.

Cora had just mentioned several things which she should like to purchase, when there came a rap upon their door, and directly afterwards a servant looked in.

"There is a gentleman in the office wishes to see Mr. Huntley."

"What kind of a gentleman?" asked Bion.

"An oldish man, sir."

"Show him up."

When the servant returned he introduced an elderly gentleman, who was rather below the medium size; neatly and plainly dressed in deep mourning, and wearing upon his face one of those good, humane expressions which appeal at once to sympathy and favor. He bowed as he came in, and having ran his eyes over the party, he finally moved towards the parent.

"Is this Gideon Huntley?" he asked.

"Yes, that is my name," returned the old gentleman, rising.

"Aye—I see the looks now. But you don't remember me?"

"No, sir. You have the advantage of me."

"You don't remember the boy who used to go to school with you in Mississippi?—who used to help you over your hard lessons, and fight your battles for you when you were much younger than he?"

"Ah!—What!" cried Huntley, seizing the old man by the hand—"Arthur Greenwood!—Is it Arthur?"

"Yes—you've hit it now," said the visitor, gladly. "I saw by the arrivals this morning that Gideon Huntley was booked here. I could hardly hope that it was my old friend of boyhood, but I determined to see."

"And blessings on your head for doing so!" cried Gideon, warmly. "But let me introduce you. This is my son, Bion.—This is Mr. Wallace.—And this is Miss Page."

As the visitor took Cora's hand, and gazed into her face, he started back, and a sudden palor overspread his face. And the maiden, too, was deeply agitated. The name, *Greenwood*, struck upon a chord that vibrated strangely; and there was, moreover, something in his face which appealed at once to her soul. But the emotions were mutually conquered, and the party became seated.

Much conversation followed upon various topics of the past, and during the while the visitor kept his eyes fixed upon Cora with a strange, eager interest.

"What family have you?" at length asked Huntley.

"None," answered Greenwood, sadly; "I have none left."

"None?"

"No. My son died a month ago, and I am alone!"

"How old was he?"

"He was in his forty-third year."

"It must have been hard to part with him."

"Hard, say you," returned the lone man, with a sort of vacant expression. "Ah, there was something harder than that!"

There was a silence of some moments, for the peculiar sadness of the old man's words had affected them all.

"I will tell you," he resumed, after he had seemed to compose himself somewhat. "You knew my first wife?"

"Of course," replied Huntley.

"Well—she died shortly after I moved to this city, and I remained a widower for some years. At length I became acquainted with a beautiful woman—she was young; but she loved me devotedly—and she became my wife. I worshiped her—I loved her almost too well. My son was then almost twenty. I knew he did not wholly like the idea of my marrying again, for he had learned to look upon my large fortune as his own; but he never said anything. At length I had a daughter born to me, and I was very happy. But alas! the night came close upon the sunshine. When my child was six months old her mother died! For several months I was as unhappy as man can easily be. But another and a heavier blow came. When my little Cora was nine months old——"

At this point there was a low cry in another part of the room, and all eyes were turned upon the maiden. She was pale as death, and trembled violently. Bion moved his chair by her side, and the old man went on—

"When my little Cora—for so we had named the child—was nine months old, she was stolen from me! I searched everywhere; I offered large rewards; I finally offered twenty thousand dollars; I did all I could do, to find her, but without avail. I supposed that if she lived twenty thousand dollars would tempt any one to bring her back—any one save him who did the deed.

"But I gained no clue. I suspected my son, for the little girl stood in his way, supposing my property went equally to my children, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. Yet I believed Joseph to have been absent from the city at the time, but he might have hired some one to do it. That was a little over twenty years ago, and until within the last month I remained in utter ignorance of the fate of my child. Two months ago my son was taken sick. At the end of a month he knew he must die. He called me to his bed-side one evening, and told me that he had been the cause of all my past suffering. He confessed that he had stolen away my youngest child. When I thought him absent from the city he had returned secretly, and gained entrance to the house; and, while the nurse slept, he stole away his little sister and carried her off. He said he gave her to a woman named Margery Grutt, who lived near the corner of Water and Catharine streets, and that she had brought her up.

"But his breath failed him here, and I learned no more. On that very night I hastened off to the place he had mentioned, but——"

The old man was interrupted by a movement at the other side of the room; and he was sure that the word "*Father*" had fallen upon his ears. He saw the beautiful maiden upon her feet—her face pale as death—her frame quivering fearfully—and Bion supporting her.

"I was there!" she cried, in a frantic tone. "I was carried to Margery's when I was an infant!—It was over twenty years ago!—A young man named Greenwood carried me——"

Her speech failed her, and while a low cry burst from her lips she tottered forward. She saw, through the tears that had started forth, the old man's arms open—she saw the eager, hopeful, prayerful look upon his kind face—and when she stopped it was upon his bosom. His arms were wound tightly around her—his lips were pressed upon her fair brow—and his tears mingled with her own. Not a word was spoken for some minutes. It was a season of startling power—of more than earthly interest—a season of frantic joy—without definite object—but only a wild whirl of delirium from which perfect peace was to be evolved.

But we will let the curtain drop; and any one who possesses a warm heart, and has known the worth of pure love, can very easily imagine all that passed.

* * * * * * * *

It was afternoon. Our party of friends, with Mr. Greenwood in company, had been to see Margery Grutt, and all was clear and plain. From the moment when Cora's head first rested upon her father's bosom there had been no doubt; but still they felt more satisfied to *know* all about it; and all this was gained upon seeing Margery. She told when Joseph came with the child; she described his appearance; and she told how she kept her eyes upon him, and how he sometimes visited her, until she left the city.

In fact, the natural evidence—that which came from the instinctive promptings of the soul—was sufficient; but this additional evidence was as plain and palpable as though the child had never for a day been separated from her father.

"But mind you," said Bion, when they had returned to the hotel, "you find her mortgaged. My claim cannot be set aside."

"Ah," returned Greenwood, with a happy smile, "I have a joy above all claims of that kind. Here," he added, turning to his child.

She came to his side, and he took her hand and placed it within that of Bion.

"There," he said, while a tear started from his eye, "'tis not every man can bestow so rich a prize. And in doing it I give up not one whit of her love for me, but I make an investment in your behalf, the interest upon which you must pay me in—*a son's—love—always!*"

The old man came very near breaking down at the mention of a "*son's love*;" but in a moment he caught the grateful expression which dwelt upon Bion's handsome face, and his heart bounded up again into hope and joy.

"Take her," he said, as he wiped the tear away; "and if you do not feel that she is wholly mine to give, you will at least feel that your title is better with my full sanction."

"Aye—I take the gift, sir—the whole gift—from your hands," cried our hero. "She was a priceless possession before; and now that her soul is made the repository of a new life-joy in the presence of a father, she becomes more priceless than ever, if I may use such an expression; for every new joy must give her additional power for bestowing joy upon others."

Cora received her lover's ardent embrace, and then, as she saw her father's eager, prayerful gaze fixed upon her, she turned towards him, and, sinking upon his bosom once more, she burst into tears. Her soul was too full—too full. Joy had arisen to a flood, and as the warm tide o'erleaped the fountain, her heart went forth in earnest, ardent prayer to the Giver of all good, that they might not forget him in their new-found bliss.

* * * * * *

It was near the close of the afternoon that one of the servants brought a letter up for Gideon Huntley. He opened it, and read as follows. The note was dated that very noon:

> "Gideon Huntley:—I will not call you *brother*, for I have no wish to play the hypocrite. And yet I know you are such, by the laws of consanguinity, to me. Come to my house at six o'clock this afternoon, and I shall be prepared to settle with you. Bring no one but your son. You need not ask for me. My servant has orders to admit you without any words. You will find me in my library, back of the parlor. Fail not to come at the appointed time.
>
> "Christopher Huntley."

It was now half-past five. The father and son went out and called a coach, and in twenty minutes were set down at the merchant's door. The coachman was directed to wait. They rang the door-bell, and the serving-man answered the summons.

"Is your master in?" asked Bion.

"Yes, sir. He said you'd find him in there," the man replied, pointing to the door at the extremity of the hall, and then turning away.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BEAUTY AND THE DAWN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNDT.

I said unto the Dawn—"why art thou bright
With amber glow, and tints of rosy light!"
I said unto a maid—as morning fair—
"Why wreathe with smiles thy lip—with flowers thy hair?
Beauty and morn! ye quickly must decay—
Soon fade your tints, and flit your smiles away!
Therefore adorn not!"

"I deck myself," the Dawn replied, "in light,
In amber glow and roseate splendor bright,
In those rich hues rejoice to be arrayed,
Nor ask, nor know, when fate shall bid them fade;
He who the moon and stars ordained to shine
Made those rich hues and fading splendor mine—
Therefore I mourn not!"

"I deck myself," replied the beauteous Maid,
"Ere yet the spring-time of my youth doth fade.
Shall that short spring in settled gloom be past
Because stern fate must bid it fade at last?
He who who its plumage on the bird bestows,
Who gives—and takes—the colors of the rose;
In Him I trust—and mourn not!"

WHICH IS THE WORST?

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

It affords great satisfaction to men of a certain class and of uncertain dispositions to find fault with the extravagance of women. These wise and charitable gentlemen affirm that 'tis all owing to the folly of women that so many men remain unmarried—the dear creatures are afraid to enter the state matrimonial lest they become bankrupt.

This is a pity, if 'tis really so; but we are not altogether satisfied with the proposition or the position. Women are faulty *enough*—that can't be denied; but they ought not to be made to bear the blame which is not their due.

When there are no gentlemen's clubs, no billiard saloons, no horse races, no theatres, nor other and worse establishments, balls, watering-places, yachting, &c., &c.; and when gentlemen devote more time and attention to sensible, neatly and inexpensively attired women, who know how to do something more useful than to hold up two or three yards of brocade or flounced lace from the ground, (leaving five or six yards to trail), to twirl a fan in the latest style, to speak, laugh and look in a die-away manner, and to polk with every roue and rascal "in society"—when men (yes, *men*—such as on 'change and in church-meeting are reputed to possess common sense and religion) marry—instead of painted dolls, having vanity and selfishness within, and folly and gentility without, brought up with "nothing to wear" and "nothing to do"—*women* having *hearts* instead of riddled targets in their breasts, having hands that are not too fair to minister to the welfare and comfort of the man their owner loves; and when, after marrying them, they remain *true* to them: *then* if married life is found to be more ruinous than single life is, women must indeed be "dealt with."

But as men do and will indulge in all manner of fast living, and as long as the only way to their favor is to dress, and dash, and flirt, and titter, and squirm, and do nothing, and know nothing, just so long will extravagance grow worse and worse; and *men* are the *root* of the whole matter.

Women were made to seek men's favor, and seek it they *will*—their quick instincts always pointing to the surest way.

Let men reform their habits and their tastes, and *see* how long it will be before society is revolutionized. Until they do this let them march up to the consequences of their own causing, and cease their senseless and shallow talk about "women's extravagance;"—*effects* cannot be removed until *causes* are cured.

THE LACE MERCHANT'S DOG.

Who would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and thus made for his master upwards of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened a few years since in Europe.

One of those industrious beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of the merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the most profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner:—

He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hue and the same shape. He then rolled the lace around the body of his dog, and put over it the garment of the stranger so adroitly, that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace thus arranged in his pedestrian band-box, he would say to his docile messenger, "Forward, my friend." At these words the dog would start and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessity required.

Such was the success of the smuggler, that in five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous. A mischievous neighbor betrayed the lace merchant; and notwithstanding his efforts to disguise his dog, he was suspected, watched, and discovered.

How far does the cunning of some animals extend! Did the spies of the custom-house expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly went towards the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall; at others passed secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travelers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming in a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns worth of lace—the loss of which did not affect the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool, and your feet warm"—"Work much, and eat little," etc.; just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remakable:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter:—Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively—who drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food—is always debilitated by his pleasures.

HEADS.

A celebrated medical gentleman has examined and measured 623 skulls of different races, and concludes therefrom that—1. The Teutonic, or German race, embracing, as it does, the Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Americans, Anglo-Irish, etc., possess a larger brain than any other people. 2. The nations having the smallest heads are the ancient Peruvians and Australians. 3. The barbarous tribes of America have a much larger brain than the demi-civilized Peruvians or Mexicans. 4. The ancient Egyptians have the least-sized brain of any Caucasian nation, excepting the Hindoos. 5. The negro brain is nine cubic inches smaller than the Teutonic, and three cubic inches larger than the ancient Egyptian. 6. The largest skull in the series is that of a Dutch gentleman, and gives one hundred and fourteen cubic inches; and the smallest, fifty-eight cubic inches, belonged to an old Peruvian; the difference between these two extremes being not less than fifty-six cubic inches. 7. The brain of the Australian and Hottentot falls far below the negro, and measures precisely the same as the ancient Peruvian. And last, it appears that, whatever may be the distortion, the capacity is not altered. These facts are curious and valuable so far as they go; the doctor's conclusions have, however, been disputed, so for the present their true scientific value is not established. In how far they assist the great question of the unity of the human species remains to be proved.

STORM IN SUMMER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Slow sailing from the dreary west,
The dun clouds fringed with murky gloom,
Topple across the craggy crest
That guards these isles of summer-bloom—
The mild wind rises, sobs and falls—
The dark pines writhe with gusty moan,
And o'er the trembling mountain walls
An echo of the sea is blown.

Hush! silence, like a hint of death,
Smites the gray, awful solitudes—
The shrill winds pause and hold their breath,
In the green fastness of the woods:
Down comes the rushing black-browed storm!
The broad hoarse thunders echo nigher—
The lightning with a red right arm
Is sowing all the dark with fire!

Rolling and rattling down the blue
His murky chariot glimmers past;
The crackling woods before him strew
The stormy trophies of the blast;—
Crash!—rattling—roaring—rolling far
The dissonance of tempest reels,
Till every shaken mountain-bar
Rings back the answering thunder peals!

TWO WAYS TO SAVE MONEY.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following sketch of real life so plainly exhibits a lesson which might be profitably followed by many of our people, that we give it to the reader simply as it occurred, only concealing the real names of the parties concerned. And as the story bears its own moral we will not tire you with any "reflections."

John Poland and Anson Lyman bought farms adjoining each other. The land had formerly been owned by one man who had carried on the whole, employing a heavy force in the work. When the two friends bought the land it was as equally divided as possible; and after the line of separation had been run, those who had worked much on the land declared that they would not give the "toss of a copper" for a choice between the two farms. The old buildings were almost useless, so new ones were erected, and at the same time both men commenced farming in earnest. They were poor, having paid their last pennies for the farms, and being obliged to run some in debt to get stock and tools.

In all respects the two men commenced evenly. They were both married, and while Poland had one son and two daughters, Lyman had one daughter and two sons.

"Look ye," said Lyman, as the two sat together after their farming operations were commenced, "I have set my mark to aim at. I'm determined, if I have my health, to lay up a thousand dollars, clear of everything, in five years."

"That is rather a short time for such a purpose," returned Poland.

"Not a bit," cried the other, enthusiastically. "I'm not going to wear my back-bone away for nothing. *I'm going to lay up money!*"

"So I hope to do," said Poland; "but money isn't the first consideration."

"What's the reason it isn't?" asked Lyman. "If you have money you can have everything. Money is the key that unlocks all doors—the card that admits you to all places. O! give me a thousand dollars, and I'll be content!"

"So I must have a thousand dollars," remarked Poland; and then the conversation took another turn.

One day a man came along who had some splendid young cattle. They were of a pure English breed, or rather a cross between two of the best breeds ever imported, and came very high. Poland saw him passing and hailed him. Our friend was anxious to grow a fine stock, and he knew that he must commence in the right way.

The owner of the stock said he was willing to sell, but he must have his price. He had a fine young pair, male and female, two years old, which he would sell for two hundred dollars. Poland offered his note on six months, together with a bill of sale of the cattle as security. The owner was satisfied, and the bargain was made. The animals were brought home, and Poland was not disappointed in his purchase.

"*Phew!*" broke from Lyman's lips, as he heard the price which his neighbor had paid for the new stock. "Two hundred dollars for a two-year-old bull and heifer! Why—what on earth could you have been thinking of, Poland? Why—I wouldn't have given seventy-five dollars for 'em no how. My cows will give as much milk and make as much butter and cheese. I tell you plainly you'll never see that thousand dollars if you launch out in that way."

"But, my dear sir, I am determined to have the best stock I can get," returned Poland, earnestly; "for those farmers who have made the most money have made it from stock. I assure you it is one of the greatest failings our farmers have that they are content with small, poor cattle, when, by a little trouble and expense, they could have much better."

"My stock answers my purpose, at any rate," resumed Lyman. "I can't afford to pay two hundred dollars for a pair of two-year-olds, and one o' them a heifer at that, when for fifty dollars I can buy one of the best cows in the country."

"You have a right to your own opinions."

"Aye—and I'll have my thousand dollars, too," laughed Lyman, as he turned away.

It was only a week after this that the canvasser for an agricultural newspaper stopped at Lyman's house; but the host couldn't afford to take it.

"Hadn't you better?" ventured his wife.

"No. We take the *Village Pickings*, published right in our own town, and that's enough. You know what I told you, Dolly,—I must have that *thousand dollars!*"

"Then you won't take it?" said the agent.

"No, sir. Can't afford it. But there's my neighbor Poland—he'll take anything that anybody offers him."

"I've called on him, sir, and he told me I'd better stop here. He said you were taking no agricultural paper."

"And did he subscribe?"

"Yes—and paid me the money."

"I tell ye, Dolly, Poland's thousand dollars 'll come out minus;—now you mark my words."

Dolly Lyman said nothing, for she was troubled at that moment by the thought that her husband was exercising a spirit of penuriousness which looked mean; but she did not say so.

"Hallo! what ye doing?" cried Lyman, as he saw Poland commencing to run a fence across his field.

"I'm going to throw out just half of this field into pasturing," returned Poland.

"What?" exclaimed Lyman, hardly able to believe what he had heard. "Throw off half of your field? Why—that wont leave you with more than twenty acres to till."

"I know it,—and that's all I want. I am determined not to waste my time and energies in swinging a scythe over forty acres of land after five-and-twenty tons of hay when I can get forty tons from twenty acres."

"Crazy as a March hare!" muttered Lyman, as he turned away.

Ere long Lyman was met by another surprise. He was at the hotel in the village one day, and there learned that his neighbor Poland had engaged all their manure for four years; and that he was to pay for it in wood, and butter, and cheese, and such other articles of produce as might be wanted.

"Dolly, what *do* you suppose Poland has been and done now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned the wife, looking up.

"Well, I'll tell you:—He's been and engaged all the manure made at the tavern stables for the next four years! And he's got to haul wood, and let his butter and cheese go, to pay for it!"

On the same day he saw Poland, and asked him what he meant.

"I mean to bring my farm up," returned the latter.

"But I get manure enough for two acres of corn every year, and that's enough," said Lyman.

"For you it may be, but I wish to manure more. Our land was well run out when we took it, and in order to get it up to its fullest capacity we must be prodigal of rich dressing."

"Well," said Lyman, with a sort of pitying expression,—"go ahead; but if you ever see your money, let me know."

"I'll give you a good account, never fear," replied Poland, laughing. "I must feed my land if I would have it feed me. We haven't got land here like those rich alluvial bottoms in the west. My land needs nursing now."

But Anson Lyman couldn't see the use of wasting money in that way. He thought the man who would first cut his tillage land down one half, and then go off and buy such a quantity of manure, must be little better than foolish. *He* wasn't such a fool, at all events.

During the following winter, while Lyman was cutting and hauling wood to the village for two dollars and a half per cord, "*poor*" Poland was hauling his to the tavern to pay for manure which he hadn't got yet!

It was on the first day of April that Poland came to see his neighbor. He wanted to borrow a hundred dollars for six months, or for a year if he could.

"What ye going to do with it?" asked Lyman.

"I want to make some improvements in my barn cellar, and also enlarge the building by putting on a tie-up, thus throwing the cattle out of my main barn."

"I declare, Poland, it's too bad," said Lyman, pityingly. "Here I've laid up over two hundred dollars clear cash, and you are worse off than nothing—in debt. By the jingo, John, I don't want to see you fooling away money so. Your barn is large enough—as large as mine is with double your land to empty into it. If I lend you a hundred dollars what assurance have I that I shall ever see it? I'd rather let it go where I know it is safe. I shouldn't want to sue you, and I might not get it without. Your farm is as good as mine, and you have no more need to be borrowing than I have,—or, you shouldn't have."

John Poland didn't say anything about the two animals he had bought a year and a half before, and the calf they had yielded him, for which he had been offered within the week four hundred dollars. He owned that amount of stock over and above the stock owned by Lyman. He turned the subject of conversation as quickly as possible, for he wanted to hear no more reasons from his friend for not lending him the money.

That afternoon he went over to see the man of whom he had bought this new stock, who lent him the money he needed readily.

"What a fool!" said Lyman, as he saw the carpenters at work tearing away one whole side of his neighbor's barn, preparatory to adding an apartment capable of accommodating forty-five "head of cattle." However, Poland worked on, and tried in vain to get his neighbor to listen to some of his advice.

"Don't talk to me," cried Lyman, at the end of the second year. "I've got four hundred dollars at interest. How much you got?"

"A thousand or so," returned the other.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Why, all the money I have laid out on this place is on interest."

"Oho—ah, ha, ha, ha,—and now how much interest have you realized?"

"So far I've let it all run at compound interest—put the interest right in with the principal, and there it lies."

"Yes, and there it will lie. I don't believe you can raise fifty dollars now in cash."

"You are right, Lyman—I could not raise it without selling something which I do not wish at present to part with."

"I thought so. But take your own way."

Ere long Anson Lyman was astonished to find that his neighbor had subscribed for a third paper, besides buying a lot of books for his children.

"What's the use?" he said, as he sat in his neighbor's front room, and saw a large pile of books on the shelf. "I want my children to learn to work—not to be spending their time over books. They get schooling enough when our school is open."

"So I mean that my children shall learn to work," returned Poland; "but that shall not prevent them from becoming well educated. I would rather leave them with good health, good characters, and well educated, than with thousands of dollars each, minus the education."

"Oho! That's the way you meant to lay up a thousand dollars; to have it in books, and papers, and new tie-ups, and such like."

"You shall see when the time is up."

"We shall," returned Lyman, as he turned towards home.

Mr. Lyman had not fully realized how much corn Poland had received from the land he had manured so heavily and so carefully; and on the second year he only noticed that his neighbor had "extraordinary *good luck*" with his wheat, getting about ninety bushels from three acres. But he had occasion to open his eyes on the third year.

One evening just at sundown, he went over into Poland's field, where the men were just finishing raking up the three-acre piece where the grain had been the year before—the first piece the present owner had plowed up and dressed.

"Been poling some hay on here," said Lyman, as he saw the huge bunches of hay nearly as thick as they could stand.

"No—this was all cut from these three acres," returned Poland.

Lyman counted the bundles, and then estimated their average weight, and upon reckoning up he found that the land had yielded not far from *four tons to the acre!* He had just got in the *two acres* which he had first dressed upon the new farm, and he had obtained short of two tons per acre! He knew that Poland had got ten bushels more of wheat per acre than he had done, and also more corn. He began to think; but yet he would not let his money go for any such "*experiments*" upon his place.

The five years came around, and Anson Lyman went on that day and sold fourteen bushels of corn in order to get fourteen dollars to put with nine hundred and eighty-six dollars which he had at home.

"Well, Poland, I've got the prize!" said Lyman, entering the former's barn in the afternoon. It was early spring, just five years from the day on which they bought. "I've got the thousand dollars; now what have you got?"

"Well—I have not far from four hundred dollars in money."

"Aha—I thought so."

"But, Anson Lyman," said Poland, almost sternly, "are your eyes not opened yet?"

"Opened! What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean that my farm, to-day, will sell for one thousand dollars more than yours will. Look at my hay-mow. There are nearly twenty tons of hay; you have not ten. And, mind you, I have five head of cattle more than you have. Next season I shall cut more hay from twelve acres, which I have now regenerated, than you will cut upon your whole forty acres; and you know my hay is worth far more a pound than your hay is. I told you I had five more head of cattle than you had. For these five creatures I can, within six hours, take seven hundred dollars cash; but no such money can purchase them of me.

"Ah, Lyman, you have been saving money, but you have taken it from your farm without returning anything for it."

"Never mind—I've got my thousand dollars, and I've got my farm, as good as it was the day I bought it."

"Not quite, Lyman."

"How so?"

"You've taken off two hundred cords of good wood."

"Well—so you took off some."

"Aye—but what I took from my wood-lot I put back upon my field. I did not take it from the farm."

Mr. Lyman went away with new thoughts.

Time passed on, and at the end of another five years the eyes of Anson Lyman were wholly opened. Poland had now raised quite a stock of noble cattle from his first purchase, and commenced to sell to the beef-market. Two hundred dollars was the least any one of them brought when fatted; and one bullock, four years old, brought him three hundred and ten dollars. His twenty-acre field was like a garden, yielding, such as was mowed, an average of three tons to the acre. In short, his whole farm was under the best of training and improvement, and now yielded him back a heavy interest upon all that he had expended. During one fall he took over a thousand dollars for stock and produce; and he was offered five thousand dollars for his place, while Lyman could not have found a purchaser at fifteen hundred!

"Dolly," said Anson Lyman, sinking into a chair, "I've been a fool!—a fool! I say."

"Why—Anson—what do you mean?"

"Mean? Look at Poland's farm."

"I have looked at it from the first, Anson."

"You have? And what have you seen?"

"Why—I saw that John Poland was making a comfortable home for himself and family, and increasing the value of his farm tenfold."

"And why didn't you tell me so?"

"I did tell you so, husband, and you said I was a fool."

"I remember. Well—never mind. 'Tisn't too late now."

On the next morning Mr. Lyman went over to his neighbor's and frankly said,—

"Poland, you must help me. I want to learn to be a farmer."

"I will help you with pleasure, Anson; and you can begin far more easily than I did, for you have money."

And Lyman commenced. The thousand dollars was nearly all expended in the work, but in the end he found himself the gainer, and his dollars came back to him with interest twice-told. He had learned a lesson which many might follow with profit.

SPIRITUALISM:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

There may some slight good result, sometimes, under some circumstances, and in some places, from spiritualism; but the chances are ten to one that they who dabble at all in its mysteries will come off great losers by it.

That there *are* mysteries in this strange knocking, writing, and *patting*, by the unseen—what?—it is vain to deny. There can be no possible natural means of accounting for such facts as are daily taking place about us, and it answers no good purpose stoutly to assert that the whole thing is a foolish humbug. The persons who most loudly ridicule the idea that anything really worth exciting wonder ever takes place *among the tables*, are the very ones who, upon going to see the performances, (*of course* for the purpose of exposing the tricks—not from any curiosity that they feel,) are soonest terrified and converted. The more a man scouts the idea of anything unaccountable in the business, the more forcibly and fearfully does such an experience as the following take hold upon him.

A certain sturdy and "strong-minded" gentleman chanced to wander into the reception-room of a famous N. Y. medium, and while sitting at some distance from the table, or from any person in the room, he was suddenly surprised by feeling what seemed like the hand of a man clasping firmly his leg, just above his knee. While silently wondering what this could mean, he saw the medium hastily dash off a few lines and hand them towards him. He took them, and his surprise may be imagined when he read, written over the signature of his dead father:—

"MY DEAR SON:—Did I succeed in making you feel the pressure of my hand upon your knee just now?"

The strong man felt his blood curdling with horror, and he beat a hasty retreat. Though at first a loud opposer of the spiritual wonders, he is now a complete convert. Thus it is with hundreds—nay with thousands.

The way for any one to enter into the examination of this matter, if at all, is to go with a mind open to the conviction of something really wonderful, yet firmly held, by the rules of the Word of God, against giving way to vain confidence in what is asserted or advised by the mediums even if they *do* speak by help of spirits. Such things have been done before by the possessed of "old familiars," and *wherefore* not now? At least it behooves all to beware that, when they give themselves up to the influence of what they verily believe to be the spirits of dear departed friends, they are not in reality led captive by the devil at his will. That the communicating power, be it what it may, can tell all the secrets of the dead friend, or can imitate his hand-writing, or his actions, is no proof that it isn't the devil. *He* is still, as he was in the days of poor Job, a most inveterate meddler, listener, and busybody, and withal is an admirable infernal mimic; so it is no hard matter for him very successfully to personate father, mother, sister, brother, lover, friend, to those over whom he hopes to gain power by so doing. Nor is the pious talk, or the orthodox sentiments and doctrines often expressed, a proof that it is not Satan and his imps; for we read, in the faithful Book, that warns all who attend to it of *all* dangers that flesh is heir to, that Satan can make himself as "an angel of light." But he can't carry out his angelship very far unless you help him;—resist the devil and he will flee from you.

The editor of The Pathfinder—so long a believer in the *heavenly* nature of "the spirits," came at length to the conclusion that they were the opposite of heavenly. He came out *strong* when he renounced his errors, declaring that an influence which was, in the end, always injuriously affecting either the health, mind, or morals of people—often all three, could only emanate from "beneath." But it was to give one example of the truth of "Pathfinder's" statement that this article was commenced.

In the city of A—— resided a happy, old-fashioned couple. They were wealthy but childless, and their days passed peaceably away. They were about fifty years of age, and lived in a fine, large, old mansion, which had been the home of the gentleman's father. Not a new article of furniture, not a new arrangement of a single room had been seen in that house since its master and mistress were married. Everything was comfortable and valuable, though rather ancient in look.

About the first or second year of the Fox era, this quiet pair got touched by Spiritualism. The fever raged high with both of them. They followed up the meetings faithfully, and finally, by order of the spirits, took one of the mediums, a young girl, home with them. Now it so happened that this young girl was not a very powerful worker of wonders; but she made up for that by being all the time inspired to speak. The spirits that spoke through her were, apparently, greatly interested in her personal well-being, for they were constantly requesting favors for her. They asked her rich entertainers to provide her with a whole handsome outfit of clothes, which was accordingly done. They soon after suggested the propriety of refitting, in a more modern style, her chamber. When this had been accomplished, they were equally anxious that the other chambers, then the parlors and halls, should be refitted and refurnished. In short, the tasteful and stylish spirits were not satisfied until the whole house was put into most elegant and modern repair. Then how my lady, the medium, *did* sail through the parlors, receiving and entertaining as many callers as she chose to see. But in a short time the spirits declared that so much company was hurtful to the mind, and that the house must be shut against everybody, particularly the relatives of the owners thereof.

The attention of the medium was now divided between the good man and his wife—the latter of whom soon fell sick. No one was admitted to her chamber but the doctor, her husband, and the medium—the spirits wouldn't allow her to see any others. The poor lady grew worse and worse, and at length she began earnestly to beg to be allowed to see some of her relatives. But this was not according to revelation, and Mrs. —— died without having her desires gratified. The family, many of them, had no idea that she was dangerously sick till she was dead. The spirits, the medium, and the *disconsolate* widower, now reside "*alone together*" in the transfigured dwelling. What Spiritualism has done for him—what it did for his poor wife—there is no need further to say. "By their fruits ye shall know them." When men forsake the Lord for the direction of things that peep, and mutter, and knock, and pinch, and write, it is not easy to say into what depths of trouble and wickedness they may not be left to fall.

THE BACHELOR-HUSBAND.

By bachelor-husband we mean a husband who is made a bachelor *pro tem.*, by the absence of his wife.

Of course such a kind of life has its little enviable privileges and advantages; but then it has its drawbacks and annoyances, for which no freedom can compensate. It is freedom made slavery.

Husbands are always raving about the bliss of getting away from their wives, and, when they do, what miserable creatures they are! They are always whining then to have them back again.

The bachelor-husband is a melancholy proof of this. His wife has gone on a visit to her papa, or some rich relation in the country, from whom she has great expectationf. She is not to return for a fortnight. The "dear Hubby" is left alone—not altogether out of love with the thought of being restored to liberty.

And yet, the very first day, what a helpless creature he is! He is left the uncontrolled master of the house, and doesn't know where a single thing is kept. If he wants anything, he has to get up and search for himself, and even then there is but a small chance of his finding it. For he doesn't know one key from another, and he tries them all; but, as a matter of course, the very key that is wanted is missing.

The first day he meets some friends. He tells them with a triumphant chuckle that he is a bachelor, and they must come home and dine with him.

What a dinner! Probably it has not been ordered. How very foolish! He quite forgot it.

He is profuse in his apologies to his dear friends, who assure him that it does not in the least matter; but, as they leave, it is evident, from their blank faces, that they have turned down a page in the volume of their experience, as a private memorandum, never to trust to the hospitality of a bachelor-husband again.

Poor bachelor! He is crawling up to bed, like a melancholy snail, just beginning to feel the weight of the house he has newly got upon his back, when suddenly he recollects he gave permission to the nurse to pass the evening with her mother at Jersey City, and that she has not yet come in. He has raked the fire out in the parlor, and so he is obliged to go down into the kitchen, where he sits, listening to the tick-tick-tick of the kitchen clock, and amusing himself now and then with a grand *battue* of black-beetles, till past one o'clock in the morning, when the mildest ring at the bell proclaims nurse's return.

His troubles begin the first thing the next morning. He cannot get the servants out of bed. Then he has to ring separately for every article he wants. When he goes down stairs, the room is scarcely dusted, or the dusters are lying about, and he nearly sits down upon the box of black-lead brushes that has been left in his arm-chair.

Then he is pestered with applications from the maid for towels, or pearl-ash, or soap, or clean sheets; and, worse than all, has to meet that awful inquiry from the cook, "Please sir, what will you have for dinner to-day?" The daily inquiry persecutes him to such an extent that at last he is driven away from home, and regularly dines out. He runs through the circle of his friends and relations, beginning with his friends first, for he knows they give the best dinners, and reserving the relations for the last.

The bachelor-husband is an outcast in his own house. He has but little control over any one—and pays the bills that are put before him without a question, being too glad to get rid of the nuisance as quick as possible. The washing, too, wears his life out. All his linen comes home wrong. His waistcoats and neck-handkerchiefs are washed so biliously he has not the face to wear them. The strings are off his collars; and as for bachelor's buttons, he has not a shirt with one on. He does not know whom to ask to help him. He complains, but his complaints are not heeded; and if he has a cold, he is obliged to nurse himself, receiving pity, consolation, and water-gruel from no hands but his own.

He puts his name down to be entered at some club, so that, by the time his wife leaves him a bachelor the second time, he may have some table of refuge where he can eat a good dinner in comfort, and invite friends to come and eat it with him.

Wives should beware of this, and should never stop away too long, but should rather return ere the fortnight has elapsed, before they receive a letter imploring them to come home as soon as possible—for when they receive that affectionate summons, they may be sure that the very climax of wretchedness has been attained by that poor, pitiable, persecuted, helpless, domestic, heart-broken individual, whom we call the bachelor-husband. Common prudence, not to say compassion, should whisper to them it is not fair, or worthy of the fair sex, to prolong any husband's suffering to that extent!—unless, perchance, they leave him in the hands of a warranted mother-in-law.

HUMAN LIFE.

Human life is like a river—
Its brightness lasts not on for ever—
That dances from its native braes,
As pure as maidhood's early days;
But soon, with dark and sullen motion,
It rolls into its funeral ocean:
And those whose currents are the slightest,
And shortest run, are aye the brightest:
So is our life, its latest wave
Rolls dark and solemn to the grave.

A SHALLOW AND MISCHIEVOUS DELUSION.

The error which regards the progress of physical truth as the certain indication of a similar progress in religious truth, is both one of the most shallow, and one of the most mischievous of modern delusions. It is this error which has conducted so many to the conclusion, that because we have so long since outgrown the astronomy and the chemistry of our forefathers, it is high time we should outgrow their religious faith. These gentlemen do not scruple to say that they no more think of looking to the past for the true as to religion, than for the true as to the nature of the solar system, or the properties of the air. But here it may not be impertinent to inquire whether all things in the history of our race have exhibited the same signs of progress with the sciences just named. It is not to be denied that, with regard to physical science, the ancients were as children compared with the moderns. Even our less remote ancestors were in some such position in this respect as compared with ourselves. But it is no less clear that there are some things in respect to which the men of the ancient world left little to be done by their descendants. Even in some departments of science we have added little to their knowledge, and to the most important of all sciences—the science of the mind—our contributions have been next to nothing. We have evolved new systems from the old elements, but have little else to show as properly our own. Similar is the statement that may be made in respect to everything coming within the province of taste. In literature, in architecture, in decoration, how much have we borrowed?—how little have we invented? What is more, how little prospect is there that even the men who come after us will ever be in a very different position to ourselves in this respect? Hence it is not our manner to scorn a man because he tells us he has been studying the principles of architecture amidst the ruins of the Parthenon—the genius of sculpture among the Elgin marbles—the laws of criticism in the writings of old Greece or old Rome. The fact that we do not blame, but rather honor, studies so prosecuted, is proof that there are some things not much subject to this boasted law of progress—some things which have been little, if at all, affected by it, during more than two thousand years.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

"When I get to be a woman I'll go out and wash for the ladies, mother; and when I come home I'll put every cent of it upon the table for ye—I will, mother." Thus sadly and earnestly spoke a little Irish girl of six years of age, one of a family of four children, as the widowed mother dragged her weary limbs to her scantily-furnished room after the drudgery. The world is full of poor. What business has a man or woman to be poor? Last season, while at work, a poor but hard-working Irishman fell dead, leaving a wife and four children, who had been dependant on his toil for their bread. Here was trouble. The landlord, an up-town Shylock, was afraid he should lose his rent. He was certain that a poor woman, with a family of children, could not pay him for rent. And so he rented the dwelling to another, without a word said to the widow. When he warned her out, she said she could work and pay the rent. But if she should be sick, he would lose it; and so he ordered her out, for his word had passed that another should take her place. After nightfall she was compelled to turn out and seek another roof to cover her and her children. Here again the landlord was afraid of losing his rent. But a friend became responsible, and the widow and her little ones again had a place to rest their heads. But the rent is exacted in advance. The woman goes out a-washing, day after day, and week after week. Six days of hard toil go to pay the rent of four weeks. Many a day has she thus gone to her work, leaving a sick child to children's care, expecting to find it dead at night. Here is heroism—here is a stern wrestling with poverty, which brings out the sublime qualities of the woman and mother. The little girl whom we alluded to in the commencement was a beautiful creature, a bright gem in the circle that hovered round the scanty board, and welcomed the mother from her toils. The little girl was taken sick and died. The widow has one the less mouth to toil for, but one the less smile to greet her. The chords of affection and love are as strongly woven into the hearts of the poor as of the rich and well-to-do. Well, the poor will have no rent to pay, or bread to toil for, in Heaven.

THE STUDENT'S GRAVE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I never gazed on him that sleeps
Here in this dark and lonely wood,
Beneath this mourning tree that keeps
Watch in the sighing solitude.
Yet there are those who loved for years
The one that's here alone forgot
By all save these—for this my tears
Shall gush above this sacred spot.

Perchance a mother's lip even now
Is sighing for her vanished boy—
A sister's or a loved one's brow
May wear a shade naught can destroy,
For him who passed from love and home
Ere youth's romantic dreams were o'er—
Who left familiar scenes to come
No more, no more—alas, no more.

Sure in his own, his sunny land,
Where orange flowers in fragrance sleep,
There is a lonely, sighing band:
It may be that those mourners keep
Some severed curl whose warm, rich hue
Is like the gold by sunlight given;
And oh, perchance his eyes were blue
And dreamy as the summer's heaven.

Young stranger of the dreamless heart,
Beneath this dark and aged tree,
I know not what thou wert—and *art*;
And yet—ah, yet I envy thee!
For oh, I know thy fancy raised
Enchanted castles of bright halls,
And thou did'st go ere age had gazed
Upon their black and ruined walls.

Where e'er thy spirit wanders now,
Oh, can it find a sadder scene
Than that of death and change where thou
In thy young, fiery years hast been?
No—no—yet sure thy youth and love
Have found a *happier* sphere than this;
I know that thou must smile above
In scenes of brightness and of bliss

THE LITERARY WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Some shrewd, observant, or cynical lady writer—it must have been a "lady" writer—has said, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. This was not the theory of Mrs. Arabella Jones, the young, beautiful, accomplished, intellectual wife of Andrew Jones, Esq., a lawyer of more than common natural abilities, who gave large promise of future eminence.

It so happened that the mother of Mr. Jones was a woman thoroughly versed in the art and mystery of housekeeping, and Mr. Jones could not recollect the time when any failure of home-comforts had given him the slightest annoyance. From childhood up to manhood he had only to go to his drawers, when he wanted a garment, and there it was, in its place, and in the nicest order. Such a thing as badly-cooked food was unknown in his father's house; and yet, the style of living was plain—not luxurious. The natural result of all this was, that Mr. Andrew Jones was "spoiled," as we hear it sometimes said. He had become so used to these home comforts—to having everything nice and orderly—that to miss them was a serious annoyance.

Let us see how it was with him in his own home—after he had set up for himself, with the accomplished, intellectual Arabella, who wrote the sweetest poetry, and played divinely—as his life-partner.

A pleasant house was taken, in a pleasant neighborhood, and furnished to the extent of their moderate ability.

"How do you like it all?" inquired the young husband, after he had exhibited his new housekeeping arrangements to his mother, who came to pay her first visit.

Mrs. Jones was a plain-spoken, sincere women, and she answered just as she thought.

"Your house is too large, in the first place. A smaller one would have given ample room, and you could have furnished it to far better advantage. 'A little farm well tilled,' you know."

"It is no larger than people in our position occupy," her son replied.

"It is not the position you are to look at, Andrew, but the means and the comfort. A small house is kept with far less toil and expense than a large one; and shows a moderate supply of furniture to the best advantage. In your case, it has taken three-fourths of all the money you had to spend to put your large parlors into company dress. Above, and beyond, you have scarcely anything that taste calls for, or comfort demands. Your china closet is very meager; your beds of the poorest quality; your kitchen utensils few, and indifferent at that; and your servant's sleeping room without even a bedstead! I don't like that at all, Edward. A bad straw mattress, laid upon the floor, is not the kind of bed a Christian housekeeper should provide for his tired domestic."

The young man's face colored at the plain speech from his mother. Not that he was offended with her—for he loved and revered her too much for that—but because her disapproval of his housekeeping arrangements was more a disapproval of his young wife than of himself; for he had left the matter of furnishing almost entirely in her hands.

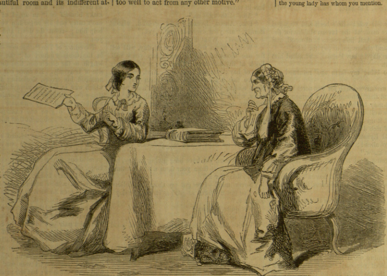
Prudently, Mrs. Jones, senior, avoided any open expression of her views to Mrs. Jones, junior. To her son, she knew she could speak plainly without giving offence; but, she preferred a closer observation of her daughter-in-law, before venturing to disapprove, in her presence, of anything she saw in their home-arrangements.

To her mother-in-law, Arabella exhibited the sunniest side of her character. She played for her many of the sweet melodies which had been loved in younger days; read to her choice passages from favorite poets; and charmed her with tasteful criticisms on art, literature and music—winning her way into the kind old lady's heart, and almost obliterating from her mind the unpleasant impressions which her housekeeping arrangements had made. She did not wonder that her son had been fascinated by her brilliant accomplishments. Below all this beautiful exterior, the eyes of Mrs. Jones—who was a woman of singular penetration—caught glimpses, now and then, of a soul abounding in right impulses. A defective home-education, incorrect views of life, and a low appreciation of womanly duties, especially in the new relation she had assumed, was, she saw, destined to mar, for a time at least, the happiness of both herself and husband. She knew Andrew too well to hope for any permanent endurance, on his part, of annoyances that must come to every man whose wife is not a good housekeeper, nor one who takes a daily and controlling interest in all matters, from the making of a bed, to the boiling of the tea-kettle—homely duties, but essential to home-happiness.

The first meal shared by Mrs. Jones with her son and daughter-in-law, satisfied her more completely than the equipment of the house had done, that Andrew was doomed to have some troubled experiences in domestic life. The cook had been ordered to make hot rolls, and to broil a slice of ham. The rolls were hot, and the ham was broiled; but to have digested the first would have required the stomach of an ostrich; and as for the latter, a week's fasting would hardly have reconciled it to the revolting palate. Mrs. Jones, senior, like elderly ladies of her class, liked a good cup of green tea. Black tea was served on the present occasion, and black enough it was! Very hard did Mrs. Jones try to drink the vile decoction, but the task was more than she could accomplish. To sip a few spoonfuls was the utmost that could be done.

Andrew was seriously mortified at all this, and blamed the miserable cook. Arabella added her condemnation, and said that she would not retain the incompetent creature a day longer. Mrs. Jones answered nothing; but she had her own thoughts.

From the beautiful room and its indifferent attractions, the company soon withdrew, and went back to the parlor, but little refreshed either in mind or body by the evening's entertainment. Here, the young wife, with an ease and gracefulness of manner that rather surprised Mrs. Jones, considering the mortifying tea-table affair, introduced one pleasant subject of conversation after another, and succeeded in winning back to cheerfulness both her husband and his mother. She played and sung better—Andrew thought—than he had ever heard her before; and he could not help regarding her with a feeling of proud satisfaction, even in the face of the certain unwifely deficiencies. What were leaden rolls, carbonized ham, or dish-water tea to the claims of literature and music. Any vulgar woman might be a cook or housekeeper; but only one with high gifts could make an accomplished woman like his Arabella!



Something of this enthusiasm was abated, when certain breakfast-table deficiencies, on the next morning, came in to mar his animal comfort. A hungry man is not usually very sentimental. He does not appreciate the charms of poetry, nor pause in admiration over fine thoughts, daintily expressed. And, if being something of an epicure, and to hunger be added the pleasing imagination of choicely prepared viands, the disappointment is all the greater if meager, badly cooked fare is set before him. It takes more than a common man to preserve an even temper under such a trial; and Andrew Jones was not uncommon enough to pass unruffled through the trying ordeal. Arabella had never seen him exhibit so much temper as when, pushing away his cup of weak, muddy coffee, he ejaculated—"Vile stuff!" The burnt, more than half raw beefsteak, he designated as "abominable!" and the toast he declared to be "unfit for a hod carrier!"

Poor Arabella looked frightened, and, after a hard struggle to repress her feelings, burst into tears, and went hastily from the table.

"That is not the way to speak, Andrew," said Mrs. Jones, in mild reproof.

"How could I help it," he answered, repentantly.

"We can always help being unkind," said the mother. "Would you have spoken after that fashion if I had not been present?"

"Perhaps not," said Andrew.

"Yet my presence has made your words only the harder to endure. They were doubly unkind. Arabella is not indifferent to your comfort; but she is ignorant of the homelier duties appertaining to her new condition. You must bear with her, my son."

Andrew promised to be more patient and more forbearing. He went to his tearful wife, and with loving words soothed her wounded feelings, and brought back the sunshine to her beautiful face.

Mrs. Jones spent a week with her son and his wife, and then went back to her own home, feeling less at ease in her mind than when she came. She had, as unobtrusively as possible, led the mind of her daughter-in-law into a consideration of her duties as a house-keeper; but these common things, she saw, were regarded by Arabella as only within the province of domestics. Servant was the name of the individual who cooked, made beds, swept, and did housework in general. The lady of a house could not come down to these vulgar matters without losing something of her true dignity.

And so the young wife, whose mental endowments were of a superior order, continued to hold herself above these things, and to cultivate the higher graces of music and literature, much to the pride of her husband, when she shone in company, but much to his discomfort, when she neglected his coffee, toast and beefsteak, and left him wholly to the mercy of Biddy the cook.

At the second visit of Mrs. Jones, the old lady did not find matters at all improved in her son's household. Arabella was still devoted to books and music, and Biddy still reigned supreme in the kitchen. Andrew, who, while living at home with his mother, had been "very nice about his eating," seemed to have lost his discriminating palate, and manifested nothing of that table-enjoyment which had once been so marked. He eat like one who possessed the faculty of taste in only a low degree.

On the second day of the mother-in-law's visit, Arabella, who had been secluded for an hour or two, came down with a warm glow of pleasure on her handsome face, and drawing a chair close beside the old lady, said to her—

"I want to read you something, mother."

And she unfolded a sheet of tinted note paper.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Listen!"

And the young wife read some charming lines, addressed to her husband. They were full of heart-warmth—overflowing with tenderness. She had just written them.

Mrs. Jones bent her head, and listened to the beautiful lines with a glow of love and pride—love for the loving young creature, and pride for her superior talents. But she made no comment—sitting in silence, and with eyes cast down, after the musical voice of her daughter-in-law had murmured the last stanza.

"There are two kinds of poetry," said Mrs. Jones, speaking, at length, in her quiet way, "with which a wife may charm her husband."

"Two kinds of poetry!" Arabella gazed inquiringly into the face of her mother-in-law.

"The poetry of sentiment, and the poetry of comfort." Mrs. Jones looked steadily at her daughter-in-law. "And the latter, I think, will always be found more potent and enduring in its influence than the former."

The sunny aspect of Arabella's countenance was slightly dimmed; for she saw, below the surface of her mother-in law's words, into something of their real significance.

"Why did you write these beautiful verses to your husband?" inquired the latter.

"Why?" There was a tone of surprise in Arabella's voice. "To give him pleasure. I love him too well to act from any other motive."

"Try him with the poetry of comfort," said the old lady.

"Speak out more plainly, dear mother!" The eyes of Arabella grew moist.

"Try him," said Mrs. Jones, smiling as she spoke, "with the poetry of a mutton-chop!"

"Now you are making sport of me." And the face of Arabella began to crimson.

"No, I am simply in earnest. This morning you had a mutton-chop for your husband's breakfast. It was the commonest prose of a mutton-chop I ever remember to have seen. There was no sentiment—or flavor—about it. Andrew eat a few mouthfuls, but without relish—chewing its tasteless fibres as if they had been chips. Now, give him the poetry of a mutton-chop this evening, and, my word for it, you will find his heart quicker than by the tenderest verses you can write."

"What is the poetry of a mutton-chop?" inquired the half-amused young wife.

"The perfection of its flavor, brought out upon the gridiron."

"Is Andrew a mere animal?" ejaculated Arabella.

"He is animal as well as spiritual, and the wants of both natures must be supplied. It is one of my theories, that a delicate and appreciating palate is essential to a delicate and appreciating mind. In other words, that true refinement of spirit is always accompanied by a refinement of taste in the matter of food. I do not mean that your refined and intellectual person shall be an epicure, or a gourmand, or that he shall be a thinker about his food; but, simply, one who enjoys, with a simple appetite, the true flavor of well-cooked viands, and whose taste revolts at, and rejects the abominations in cookery that disgrace so many of our tables. Now, let us make an experiment on Andrew." Mrs. Jones smiled cheerfully.

"What is it?"

"You shall try upon him first the effect of your beautiful apostrophe—and it is beautiful!—and afterwards the poetry of a mutton-chop. The mutton-chop must be cooked with your own hands. I will show you how to extract the poetry."

Amused as well as interested, Arabella agreed to the proposition.

At the hour of dusky twilight Andrew came home, a little more wearied than usual with the day's varied duties. He was not in the best condition of mind for the experiment, so far as success in the higher department of poetry was concerned. After playing one of his favorite pieces, Arabella placed her little tribute of affection into his hand, and watched him with quickened pulses, as he read over its tender, heart-felt utterances. A single glance of affection was her reward. But it was plain to his wife that his appreciation of her poem was feeble and inadequate when compared with the ardor of feeling that glowed in her spirit, as the burning lines were traced by her pen.

A little while after, the other experiment was tried. A steaming mutton-chop was beside the plate of Mr. Jones as he sat down to the supper table, with an appetite keener than usual. Its fragrance, as the odor reached his nostrils, was unusually agreeable.

"Delicious!" he ejaculated, as the first mouthful reached his palate. "Ah! this is some of your work, mother!" And he looked gratefully towards his pleased parent.

"Thank you for the compliment!" said the old lady; "but I cannot appropriate it. The praise belongs to Arabella. It is to her hands that you are indebted for what you call delicious."

The knife and fork dropped upon his plate, and Andrew looked towards Arabella with delighted surprise.

"Is this indeed so?" he asked. Then springing up under the enthusiasm of the moment, he rewarded his young wife with a kiss of heartier feeling than she had received for a month.

"I told you," said the good old lady, smiling, after order was restored, "that there was poetry in even so homely a thing as a mutton-chop, and you have brought it forth to the light."

"And if I don't find poetry in a great many other things that I have foolishly looked down upon as beneath a true woman's regard, it will not be through indifference to your wise suggestions, dear mother!" replied Arabella, with much feeling.

And she did find a charm in homely things never imagined to exist. At the next visit of Mrs. Jones, senior, she found everywhere in her son's dwelling the poetry of comfort jointed to the poetry of sentiment. Arabella had lost none of her mental attractions—had neglected none of the graces of mind and feeling; but had made her home and her character more perfect by letting the taste and skill of a well cultivated mind descend into the common things of life—making all beautiful from the lowest to the highest.

* * *

The best definition of dogmatism is Jerrold's, namely: puppyism come to maturity.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anxiety says he has been in the habit of waiting upon a certain young lady for about a year. He has never said anything in regard to love or marriage, but he has not kept company with any other girl, and the young lady in question has not been in company, in public, with any other man; he has also given her many presents, and often taken her to parties and places of amusement. She now says she has *understood* that they were engaged, and insists on his marrying her, and he wants to know if it is probable that she could maintain an action against him for breach of promise, in case he does not marry her. Yes. Judge Mitchell, of the Supreme Court, decided, in a case tried at Rochester some months ago, that an action would lie for breach of promise, where the plaintiff had much less cause than the young lady has whom you mention.

A Young Subscriber.—Give the young gentleman your miniature, since your mother consents, and never mind what "the rest of the girls say." It is always a bad policy to allow one's self to be too much influenced by the sneers, commendations, or condemnations of others.

Argus.—Be careful lest in your mad thirst for revenge you do not entail misery upon yourself. Revenge is a vice which festers only in little souls; it is never permitted to take up its abode in the hearts of the good and great.

C. L. D.—Every person visiting the countries of continental Europe must have a passport. You can obtain them in this country, before starting, from the Consuls of the various governments.

Endorser.—If you can prove that the notes were usurious, and that the present holder knew it when he took them, you can defeat the action.

Mrs. E. K.—Your idea of teaching your little daughter the nature and uses of prayer is a very good one. It is not to be wondered at that you find it difficult, however. Perhaps you could facilitate the matter by making a little course of familiar lectures on the Lord's prayer, taking every division or short sentence separately, for each furnishes valuable materials for a distinct lecture. The child should be led gradually through every part of this divine composition: she should be made to comprehend one by one each of its short but weighty sentences, not in their most extensive and critical sense, but in their most obvious meaning. After obtaining a pretty good conception of the meaning of each division, she should then be made to observe the connection, relation, and dependance of the several parts of the prayer one upon another, for there is a great method and connection in it. From being made a complete mistress of this short composition, she will have a clearer conception, not only of its individual contents, but of prayer in general, than many ever obtain, though their memory has been perhaps loaded with long, unexplained forms, which they have been accustomed to swallow in the lump, without scrutiny and without discrimination. Prayer should not be so swallowed. It is a regular prescription, which should stand analysis and examination; it is not a charm, the successful operation of which depends on your blindly taking it, without knowing what it is, and on which the good you receive is promoted by your ignorance of its contents.

Richard.—The term "consols" is coined out of the word *consolidated*, by adopting the first two syllables and then making a plural of it. The word was first used in 1751, when an act of parliament was passed, uniting into one stock or fund a number of stocks which had been created for loans at different periods and on different terms. These stocks were consolidated or united into one stock or fund, representing annuities of three pounds sterling for every hundred pounds inscribed in the stock. The "consolidated annuities," which is the term used in the act of consolidation, was too long for sharp and prompt business men, and the abbreviated term of "consols" came, in time, into general use and legal recognition. When, therefore, you see "consols" mentioned in the money articles of the newspapers, you are to understand thereby "stocks in the consolidated annuities of the British Government."

An Old Writer is offended at a "severe criticism" he says we sometime since passed upon an offered contribution, and now writes in justification of his capacity. Among other things he says we are not wiser than all the rest of the world, and doubts if we could even "decline" the commonest defective or irregular verb in the language. He is right as to the verb; we could not "*decline*" it, though we could probably *conjugate* it without much difficulty. Our esteemed friend must learn not to take a gentle castigation of his literary bantlings so much to heart, and also be more courteous, or we shall have to do with the noticing of his communications what we cannot do with a verb, namely, "decline" it.

Concert Singer.—It is impossible for us to tell what success your company would meet with in the western States. If you can sing well, and have an excellent list of songs for the million, and a tip-top agent to precede you and make the necessary arrangements for your concerts, we see no reason why you should not meet with fair success. The "hard times" will tell severely against you; but you must try to overcome their adverse influence by giving your audiences such agreeable entertainments as will make them glad to "come again," in order to forget for awhile their cares and "bills payable."

A Young Man wants to get a certain young lady's daguerreotype, but does not know how to manage about the cost of it. If he don't offer to pay for it he is afraid he will be looked upon as a stingy fellow, and if he does offer to pay for it he is fearful that he will be considered impertinent. Invite the young lady to visit a daguerrian gallery, and then have both your portraits taken, or a couple of hers, one of which you can ask her permission to keep, and all of which you can pay for without mentioning the subject of payment to her.

Labyrinth.—You certainly are "in a fix." It is strange how you could have become involved in such an unfortunate predicament. Do not cower under your enemies' threats, however, but defy them to do their worst. In the meantime, tell some lawyer, in whom you have confidence, the whole story, and let him ferret out the forgeries. If you are as innocent as you represent yourself to be, they will not press the matter to a public exposure, as *that* would expose themselves to danger.

A Youth.—It makes no difference which side of a lady you walk. Some say she should always have the inside of the walk; others that she should always be on the gentleman's left hand; and others again that she should always be on his right. The best way is to manage the matter according to circumstances, and always give the lady the side which, *at the time*, happens to be the most agreeable to her. Mr. Cobb's Christian name is accented on the second syllable, and pronounced Syl-*vay*-nus.

A Girl in a Quandary.—You should at once tell your mother the whole story, and then act upon her advice. Of one thing you may rest assured, namely: that a man who will try to persuade a young girl to elope with him, and insist for months on her keeping all knowledge of his acquaintance with her from her mother, is not a person of correct moral principles, and that the less trust she reposes in him the better it will be for her.

Samuel.—There were no particularly "dashing" officers in the Revolutionary army, although there were many gallant ones. Colonel Aaron Burr, (who was subsequently Vice-President of the United States, who shot Alexander Hamilton in a duel, and became so notorious for many things,) was probably the most dashing, romantic, and Napoleonic of the Revolutionary officers.

Japhet.—Nothing "pays" so well, in the long run, as honesty and goodness. Bad men often seem to flourish wonderfully, but the inevitable canker-worm of sin, sooner or later, eats the heart out of their success, and leaves them miserable, decaying wrecks, cumbering the ground while they live, and their memories despised when dead.

Tom Avori.—The best way to make that obdurate whisker grow is, frequently to shave the side of your face which you wish it to adorn. That is the best stimulant we know of. None of the nostrums for fertilizing barren cheeks or skulls can be depended upon.

Edward.—It is quite proper for you to send your copies of the Ledger to the young lady; and she will not be likely to think less of it and you on account of the postage being prepaid.

Capitalist.—If you want to lose your money, Wall street is the place for you, and railroad stocks the "little jokers." You can lose a million or so there just as easy as winking.

M. T. P.—Your friend is mistaken. Instinct and reason are not at all alike; they are as distinct as the two poles, and as mutually repulsive of one another. Instinct is the parent of reason; it is the largest of the two. Instinct has a catholic or universal character; reason has a particular or individual character. Instinct goes direct to the point. It takes the shortest way to accomplish its end. Instinct would teach a man to clothe himself in fig-leaves or palm-leaves; but it would require reason to teach him to make use of sheep-skins; or, by a more laborious process of thought and industry, to spin wool into threads, and convert it into cloth. In like manner, when it thundered, instinct might teach man that it was a great spirit roaring in the heavens; but it would require a process of reasoning to teach him that it was occasioned by the conflict of two gases (not unlike spirits, after all). In like manner, instinct might teach men to account for natural phenomena, by ascribing them to gods and goddesses and other invisible beings; for we consider that even in the imaginative world the first and simplest ideas of men are all instinctive; for the imagination is an instinctive faculty, inasmuch as it despises experiment and observation, and comes to its conclusions immediately, without any process of inductive reasoning. All charms and spells, therefore, are instinctive devices, as opposed to rational devices. They are methods by which the imagination conceives that the end can be obtained by the instrumentality of a spiritual power. Reason laughs at the idea, and says it is expecting an effect without a cause. Instead of an old woman's charm it would apply caustic or some chemical solvent to remove a wart, or it would cut it off with a razor, but it might fail in effecting a perfect removal without leaving a mark upon the skin; and thus it does not commend itself altogether to the ladies, who prefer the charm if it succeeds, because the operation is so perfect. They do not concern themselves about cause and effect; they do not pretend to know or even guess what is the real character of the power of a spell. Reason does not interfere with the matter. When it does, it fails; and, therefore, we are always told that the most ignorant people are the best charmers; for even astrologers, who believe in such things, but who reason upon them, lose their power by using their reason, and are far surpassed by the old Sibyls, who reason not at all.

Miss D. R. G.—A well elaborated and easily understood code of table manners is much needed. We have seen much evil arising from the want, in our short pilgrimage. Even the use of a knife at table is a source of much annoyance. We were for some years on terms of intimacy with a gentleman who suffered sadly from it. A constant habit of thrusting it into the mouth, point and edge foremost, is by no means an agreeable sight. Few people do anything well in this world. We have observed that very few people can even bring the food to their mouths—they turn the face round to catch it. It is disagreeable to be pent close up alongside of such persons, for they turn the face round towards you and snap. Such people are all snappers. Eating, not being an elegant art, the action should rather be concealed. Hence the propriety of looking down upon the plate, and concealing the opening of the mouth, without turning the head right or left. It is nothing but common sense after all. In public restaurants there are eaters so very disagreeable that they drive customers from the house. Even at the most fashionable of them there are *gentlemen* whom every one avoids so soon as they begin the operation of mastication—it is accompanied with so many discordant sounds. We occasionally met a Frenchman, some years ago, who drank coffee so loudly that he could be heard from one floor to another. We should think there is no natural necessity for such bad habits. They arise from want of feeling.

A Stranger.—Yes. In this State a widow has an absolute right to one-third of all the real estate of which her husband dies possessed, of enough of the household furniture to furnish her dwelling in a style becoming her position, and a *pro rata* share of all his personal estate. She also has a right to remain unmolested in his house for forty days after his burial. Of course, her husband's debts must be paid out of his personal estate as far as it will go; and if his indebtedness swallows up all his personal effects, his widow and heirs can get none of them. Your own property cannot be touched by your husband's creditors.

Schermerhorn.—Your question involves the most abstruse legal and equitable principles in the settlement of the estates of deceased persons, and could not possibly be answered in less space than five or six columns, nor without at least two weeks of assiduous investigation, independent of the time which would be required to write out the opinion. We, of course, cannot give it the necessary attention or space, but some eminent lawyer would doubtless attend to the matter for you, for a proper fee.

Sewing Girl.—You should not answer the "rich gentleman's letter," nor permit him to wait on you home. Poor girls should beware of the attempted attentions of all "rich gentlemen" not known to their parents or relatives, and even those who are thus known should be dealt with most circumspectly. This is the general rule of prudence and discretion, which it is dangerous to depart from, though it has, like all other rules, its fortunate exceptions.

A Long Island Girl wishes to know how she can properly let an old lover know that she is still disengaged. That is a matter for her to determine, taking into consideration all the circumstances of the case. She might visit the place where he is living, and manage to meet him "accidentally," and then let things take their natural course. If he cares anything about her, he will be certain to ascertain as soon as possible what her condition is in that respect.

Indignation.—If your child is seriously injured, you could prosecute the teacher for whipping him so unmercifully. His subsequent boasts that he would have "killed the brat had he not given up," would weigh heavily against him, both with the judge and the jury. A teacher has no right to transcend the bounds of humanity in punishing a pupil, however refractory the latter may be.

O. P. Q.—The best remedy for a bruised eye is to keep your temper and good company. Mr. Alfred Jingle, of Pickwick Papers' fame, recommended the holding of the bruised organ against a lamp-post in the street; but that would be awkward. A bit of lean beefsteak laid upon the bruise is generally efficacious; and so is a rotten apple wrapped in thin cambric and held against the sore spot.

Jocelyn.—Before paying for the horses you should exact of the seller a written warranty of their soundness in every respect. If you are not a good judge of horses, it will be an easy matter, for any one who is, to deceive you in many ways, and so to impose upon you as to sell you a horse for five hundred dollars which would not be worth half that sum.

W. S. R.—We can furnish you with the back numbers of the Ledger from October, 1856. They are four cents each. We do not object to taking odd cents in postage stamps, but the *dollars* we prefer to receive in cash. We send the Ledger to the different post-office addresses of the members of a club, when requested to do so.

S. P. M.—A "will" is the legal declaration of a man's intentions of what he *wills* to be performed *after* his death. The common phrase for all sorts of wills is "last *will* and *testament*," although strictly speaking, a *will* relates to real estate, and a *testament* to personal property. In this State, two witnesses are required to a will.

Jack Wallace.—It has been customary among many nations, from time immemorial, to set aside some particular day or days for seasons of public thanksgiving, fasting and prayer. But our New England Thanksgiving was instituted by our Puritan ancestors for the special mercies of Providence in guarding them across the great deep.

M. V. M.—Did it never occur to you that the distinguished persons whose names you mention would not care to have us publish the gossip about them, nor the particulars as to where and how "they were born and raised," as you request?

Evangeline.—You ought to apologize to your grandmother at once. Old age should always be respected; and when an elderly person exasperates you to such a degree that you cannot reply courteously and respectfully, you should remain silent.

T. B. L.—You could have the winner arrested for swindling, and if he is worth the amount you could recover it back. All tricks at cards are regarded as swindles. Your proof would have to be of the clearest kind.

Ethan Allen.—Are you not aware that
"The course of
True love never did run smooth?"
Don't be discouraged. Try the maiden again.

Jacob.—Your teacher is right. The ancient villeins or serfs of England were no better off than the serfs of Russia at the present day, only in so far as the nature of the Anglo-Saxon is superior to that of the Russian.

School-Girl.—It would be better to ask of your teacher permission to attend the pic-nic. A pupil never loses anything by always exhibiting a proper deference to a teacher's authority, and a kindly regard for her feelings.

Excelsior.—It would not be improper for a young lady to take her affianced lover's arm, while walking in the street, in the daytime.

R.—It would be quite proper to send the young lady a note of thanks for the present, or you can call and thank her by word-of-mouth.

Alexander.—You must graduate at the U. S. Naval School, at Annapolis, before you can get a berth as midshipman on a man-of-war.

Varsovienne.—We do not know anything about the dancing academies in this city, and if we did we should not give them the benefit of gratuitous advertising in the Ledger.

Charlestown.—It is supposed that a wood fire would be less injurious than a coal one in a sleeping room. No fire at all is better than either in such an apartment.

Henry McC.—We are much obliged for your music, and your compliments to the Ledger.

John Paul Jones.—David's mother was of course the wife of his father Jesse.

J. D. L.—The best way to avoid getting into a quarrel is to mind your own business and always keep your temper.

⁎ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*